



B. Colv. Sculp.



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A M I N T A S

A

Dramatick Pastoral

Written Originally in Italian

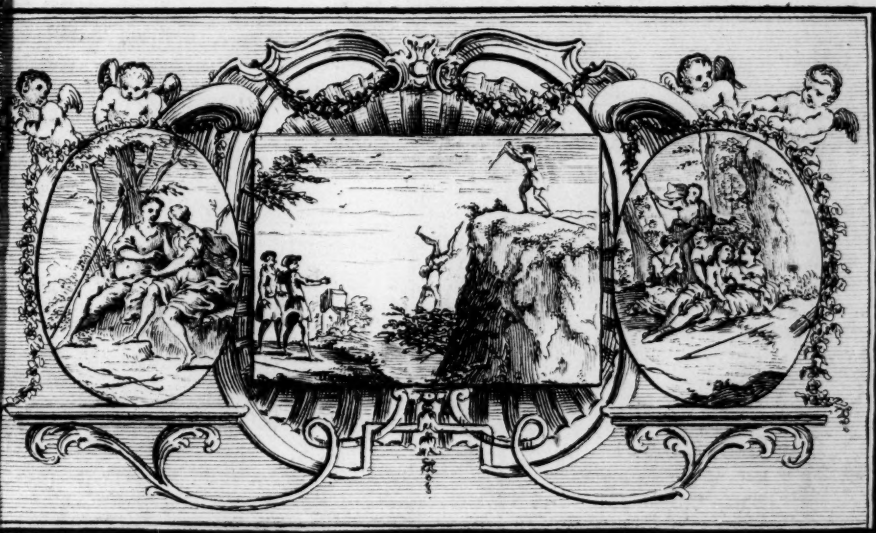
BY

TORQUATO TASSO

Translated into English Verse

BY

M^R WILLIAM AYRE.



W. Cole Sculp

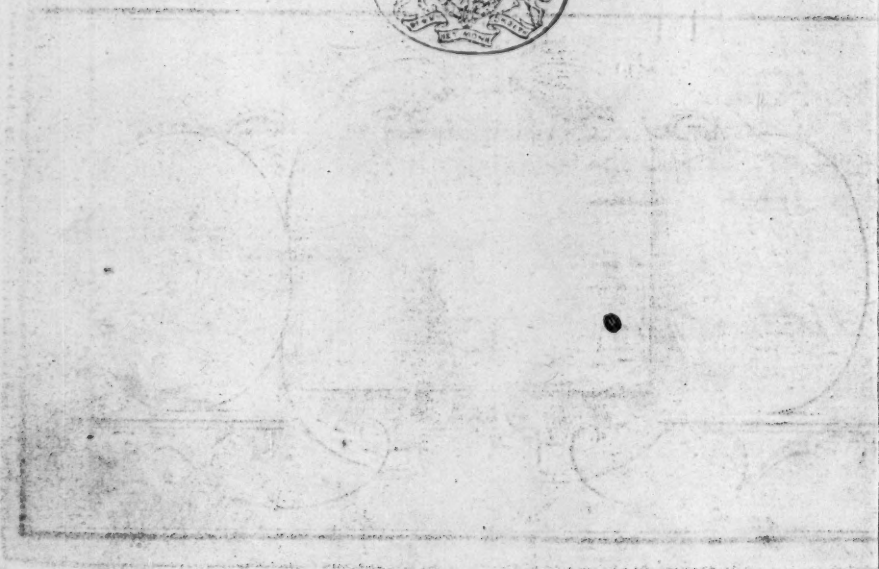
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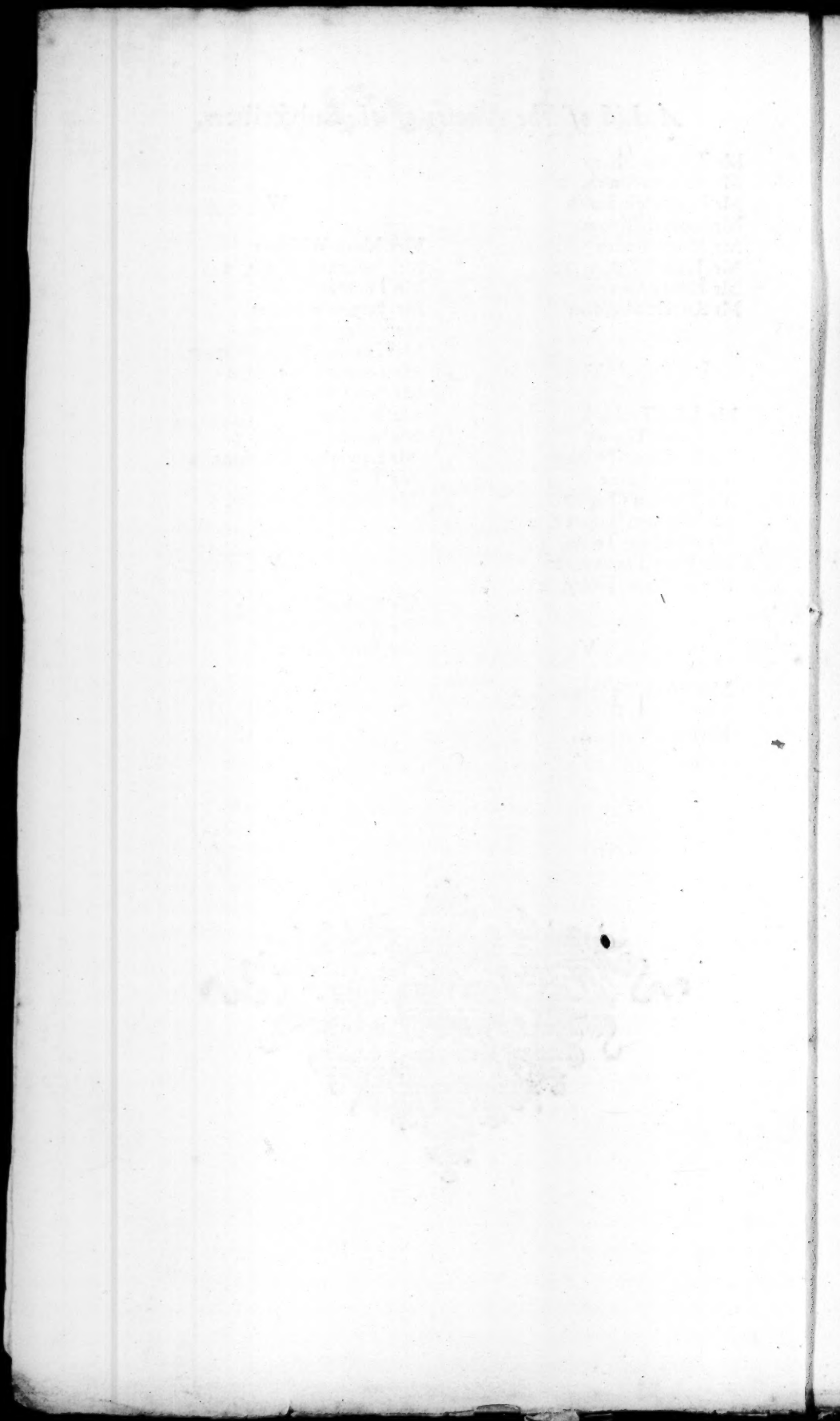
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PROLOGUE

Spoken by CUPID, in the Habit of a Shepherd.



*ILL it be thought, that thus in human
Form,*

*And underneath a Shepherd's homely
Weed,*

A God can be conceal'd? and he not

Nor of the lower Rank of Deities, [Sylvan,

One of the greatest, and most potent, He

Forces stern Mars to drop his bloody Sword:

From pow'rful Neptune's Hand, who shakes the Earth

With his vast Trident, he that Trident wrests,

And the Eternal Thunderbolt from Jove.

Appearing thus, and thus array'd, I trust

Venus, Love's Mother, will not know her Son,

From her I fly and hide me, she would hold

My Shafts, and me, and all at her Dispose;

And with a female Vanity, and Pride,

Would ever thrust me among Courts and Crowns;

And there would fix, and limit all my Power:

To younger little Loves, my Ministers,

Would have me give the Woods, sufficient they

To govern Clowns, and wound the rustick Breast.

I, not a Child, (tho' so in Face, and Air,)

Can rule myself, and what I please I'll do;

To me, and not to Her, was given by Fate,

Love's ever powerful Torch, and Bow of Gold.

Yet often I conceal me, often, fly

B

Her

P R O L O G U E.

*Her Importunity, tho' not her Power,
 And hide me in the Woods; where she pursues,
 Promising, who discovers me shall gain
 Or Kisses sweet, or something yet more dear,
 As if to those who hide me from her Eye,
 I were not able more than she, to give
 Of Kisses sweet, or something yet more dear;
 If I who am Love's God, know ought of Love,
 The Damsels will receive a Kiss from me,
 A better Gift than hers, and that conceals me,
 And makes her often seek me long in vain;
 But now resolv'd to keep me secret quite,
 And not to be discover'd by my Bow,
 My Quiver, or my Wings, I've thrown 'em by:
 Yet come I not unarm'd, this Shepherd's Crook,
 So seeming to the Eye, breaths forth a Flame
 Invisible, and is the Torch of Love:
 This Dart, although the Point be not of Gold,
 Is Workmanship divine, and where it strikes
 Such is its hidden Power, impresses Love.
 To Day a cruel Nymph shall feel its Force,
 Tho' now the coyest of Diana's Train;
 The Wound I make shall be without a Cure,
 Pain that shall equal what some Years since past,
 Amintas' youthful Heart first panting knew,
 When Sighs for Silvia rose among their Sports.
 To make my Dart strike deep, I watch the Hour
 When tender Pity shall have thaw'd that Ice,*

Which

P R O L O G U E.

*Which long has gather'd round her frozen Heart ;
 Resisting warm Desires ; that Moment come
 When Pity softens most, I strike the Wound.
 Better to act the pleasing Part I've chose,
 I go to mix among the Crowd, the Shepherds
 Who crown'd with Garlands feast on solemn Days
 And follow rural Sports ; they bend this Way.
 I who shall feign myself as of their Troop,
 Unseen to mortal Eyes will strike the Blow.
 Unusual Echoes in these Woods shall play,
 Repeating loud Complaints, and ardent Love ;
 My Power shall stand confest : The God they'll say,
 The God of Love reigns here. When I shall breathe
 Sense of a noble Flame in rustick Hearts,
 And soften their hoarse Voice to Harmony ;
 For these are Love's great Signs, alike in all,
 Nay Love can raise the lowly Shepherd's Swain,
 And match him with the Hero, vers'd in Courts ;
 And make the Rustick reed breathe Musick forth,
 Prevailing as the Viol's artful Sound.
 If Venus sees not this, disdains the Woods,
 And thinks me a low Wanderer to dwell here,
 Her Blindness who can help ? but I that see,
 (Tho' the blind Vulgar falsely call me blind)
 Will never take my Mother for my Guide.*

A C T

CHARACTERS.

CUPID, *in the Habit of a Shepherd.*

AMINTAS, *in Love with SILVIA.*

THYRSIS, *Companion to AMINTAS.*

The SATYR, *in Love with SILVIA.*

ELPINO.

ERGASTO.

SILVIA, *belov'd by AMINTAS.*

DAPHNE, *Companion to SILVIA.*

NERINA.

CHORUS *of* SHEPHERDS.



ACT I. SCENE I.

DAPHNE. SILVIA.

Daphne.



SILVIA, wilt thou waste thy Prime
Stranger to the Joys of Love?
Thou hast Youth, and that's the
Time
Every Minute to improve,

Round thee wilt thou never hear
Little wanton Girls and Boys?
Sweetly founding in thy Ear,
Infant Prate, and Mother's Joys:
Ah! change thy Carriage, change thy Heart,
What a filly Girl thou art!

Silvia. Let others follow Love, it's fond Delight,
If such it seem to their mistaken Sight;

To

To me this Life is best ; my Joys I place
 In Bow, and Arrow, and the destin'd Chace ;
 And then to strike the Game ; let me but find
 Shafts in my Quiver, and my Stars are kind ;
 I want no other Sports, but haste away,
 To rowse and make the savage Beast my Prey.

Daphne. Idle, and insipid Sport,
 This is all ! if such can please,
 Wouldst thou know a Reason for't ?
 Thou hast tasted none but these.
 So the World, as yet but young,
 On Herbs, and Roots, and Acorns fed,
 Quench'd their Thirst the Springs among,
 And press'd at Night, a mossy Bed ;
 Acorns now are left, and Springs,
 Food of Brutes, since Men have found
 Corn, that better Nurture brings,
 And Wine, in Bowls, with Ivy crown'd.
 Could I to thy Soul reveal,
 But the least, the thousandth Part,
 Of those Pleasures, Lovers feel,
 In a mutual Change of Heart,
 Then repenting, wouldst thou say,
 Virgin Fears, from hence remove,
 All the Time is thrown away,
 That we cannot spend in Love ;
 Years are past, and took their Flight,
 Foolish Days of coy Disdain,
 Oh ! how many a widow'd Night !
 Past alone, and past in vain,

Hours,

Hours, that in Love employ'd,
Could with Bliss the Senses fill,
Blisses, that the more enjoy'd,
Greater grow, and sweeter still,
Ah! change thy Carriage, change thy Heart,
Late Repentance causes Smart;
What a silly Girl thou art!

Silvia. Whene'er I speak those Words which thou
dost feign,
Repenting what thou term'st my coy Disdain,
Back to their Fountains shall the Rivers flow;
The tim'rous Hare, in Quest of Prey shall go;
Fierce Wolves shall fly, by tender Lambs pursu'd;
And Land, and Sea, produce one common Brood.

Daphne. Prithee talk not thus to me,
I the Virgin State have known,
Skittish, froward, then like thee,
By Experience wiser grown:
Then I wreath'd my golden Hair,
As thy Body, mine I bore,
Lips as red, and Face as fair,
Blushing Cheek, and Bloom all o'er;
What absurd Delights had I!
Spreading Nets, and making Snares,
Or watching where wild Beasts did lie,
Foolish Pleasures! empty Cares!

If

If my Lover met my Eyes,
 Sparkling his with ardent Flame,
 Downcast mine, betray'd Surprize,
 Anger, Hate, Disdain, and Shame,
 In me I abhor'd that Grace,
 Others Admiration drew,
 Blushes red'ning on my Face,
 From their Sight, and Love I flew,
 Time does Wonders, who can tell?
 What his Prayers and Tears may do,
 Serving faithful, loving well,
 The Unconquer'd are but few,
 I was vanquish'd, I confess,
 And the Arms the Victor bore,
 Only Sighs, and soft Address,
 And Mercy ask'd, in vain before:
 The Shadow but of one short Night,
 That when I became a Bride,
 Show'd me Pleasures, that the Light
 Of my former Days did hide;
 I reproach'd my Virgin Days,
 Stinted, simple, lonely State,
 Love has Joys without Allays,
 None so pure, nor none so great:
 Take *Diana*, take thy Bow,
 Shaft, and Arrows, I resign,
 They who Love's Dominion know;
 Weary grow, and sick of thine:

So thy steely stony Heart,
Softened by *Amintas*' Tears,
May at last partake his Smart,
Love shall rule thy future Years.
Is there in *Amintas* seen,
Ought but what may feed Desire?
Manly Beauty, graceful Mien,
Mix'd with what thy Eyes inspire?
Has thy Hate or others Love?
(Many wish for his in vain,)
Been sufficient to remove
Or his Passion, or his Pain?
Does he yield to thee in Birth?
Ask the God of this great Stream;
He whose Daughter brought thee forth,
Half a Goddess thou dost seem;
He shall lay as high a Claim,
Learn how his great Race began,
Learn it, from *Silvano*'s Name,
Sire of him, and Son of *Pan*.
Amarillis, thou hast seen,
Young and fair as thou canst be,
Mark her Beauty, mark her Mien,
She excels or equals thee;
Will *Amintas* long despise
Charms like hers, and Looks so kind?
Or content with such a Prize,
Leave thee in thy Folly blind.

Say he feign, and well it is,
 If he nothing else but feign,
 There to take the profer'd Bliss,
 And drag no more thy cruel Chain,
 Tell me what thy Soul will feel,
 That curs'd Moment thou shalt see
Amarillis Sorrows heal
 That deserv'd a Cure from thee;
 When at once to blast thy Sight
 Thou shalt in another's Arms,
 See *Amintas* change Delight,
 And laugh at all thy Charms.

Silvia. Love and *Amintas* are the same to me,
 And I from both alike, will keep me free;
 To me imports not whose he is to know,
 Enough that he's not mine, nor shall be so:
 Nay were he mine, his should I never prove.

Daphne. Whence springs thy Hatred?

Silvia. *Daphne*, from his Love.

Daphne. If such cruel Hate be born
 From that pleasing Parent Love,
 Swans whom Milk-white Plumes adorn,
 Ravens may their Offspring prove,
 Did Tygers, from meek Lambs proceed
 Nature must inverted be:
 Can tender Love such Hatred breed?
 Thou deceiv'st thyself, or me.

Silvia.

Silvia. I hate a Passion that would me deceive,
And bless my Fate, that bids me not believe;
Him can I love, who makes me restless live,
Or more desires, than what I please to give?

Daphne. I pronounce a worse thy Choice :
His Desires are all for thee ;
Hear a faithful Lover's Voice :
Only one, and thou art She.

Silvia. Cease, *Daphne* cease, or some new Subject try,
Or speak on this expecting no Reply.

Daphne. Wayward as she is, behold
What a Humour she puts on !
Answer me, I will be told,
We'll suppose this Lover gone,
Should another love thee so,
Wouldst thou use him half so ill ?
If thou truly answer, No :
That would be unkind still.

Silvia. To each Insurer thus would I behave,
Nor teach my Virgin Heart to be their Slave ;
To term them Lovers thou hast wrongly chose,
I call 'em, Enemies to my Repose.

Daphne. Think'st thou then that Rams, and Ewes,
That the Heifer, and the Bull,
Know each other for their Foes?
Do they meet with Hatred full?
Breathe the Turtles when they meet
Shews of Hate and Anger forth?
No: they join in Raptures sweet,
Whence young Turtles take their Birth,
Is the mild and pleasing Spring
To the World, and Man a Foe?
Smiling Season with thee bring
Love again and finish Woe.
Art thou *Silvia* not aware
All Things here to Love submit?
All Things here enamour'd are,
Nature shews the Object fit:
Only view that little Dove,
Softly cooing to its Mate,
For a further Proof of Love,
See her for his Kisses wait.
Hark! that charming Nightingale,
As it flies, from Spray, to Spray,
Sweetly tunes a mournful Tale,
I love, I love, it strives to say:
That Adders will their Poison leave,
Thou perchance art not inform'd,
Watch, and see them pant, and heave
Love has left them not unwarm'd;

Tygers,

Tygers, Lions, Beasts of Prey,
 Love finds Harbour in their Breast;
 Thou more savage yet than they
 To refuse so kind a Guest.
 Serpents, Birds, and Beasts of Prey,
 Strong Sensations all have these;
 Great and stranger Truths to say,
 Love has reach'd to Plants, and Trees,
 How the Vine does twine, and cling?
 Not a Tree that fills this Grove
 Could or Beech or Fir-tree bring
 Without propagating Love:
 That tall Oak that lifts its Head,
 Has its sympathetick Powers,
 Different Paths in Love we tread,
 They have theirs and we have ours:
 Has thy Spirit such Allay
 Not to join with Truths like these?
 Thou hast thrown all Sense away,
 Thou hast less than Plants and Trees,
 Ah! change thy Carriage, change thy Heart,
 What a silly Girl thou art!

Silvia. When Sighs from Plants and Trees, shall
 reach my Ear,

Amintas then may speak and I shall hear.

Daphne. Foolish, deaf to all Advice,
 Are my Reasons but a Jest?
 Thou hadst better hear them twice,
 They are Rules might make thee blest.

Live

Live a while: the Time comes on
 Thou shalt wish to call back this,
 When thy Youth, and Beauty gone,
 Every Fountain thou wilt miss,
 Fountains, where thy Face to view,
 Now so many Hours are spent,
 Always blooming, always new,
 Beauty gives thee full Content;
 Then the Fountains thou wilt fly,
 Shunning, hating to behold,
 Wrinkled Cheek, and faded Eye,
 Locks of Grey, and not of Gold:
 Age, at length, the common Ill
 Steals on; and Youth before it flies,
 Stor'd for thee, a greater still
 Thy Desert, in Fate there lies,
 Dost not thou remember well,
 What *Elpino* t'other Day
 Did among the Shepherds tell?
 Pleas'd and all Attention they;
 His lov'd *Licoris* was there,
 She who did his Pain prolong,
 Grace, and Beauty was her Care,
 Love was his, and charming Song.
 He the full Relation gave,
 Solemn was the Place, and fit,
 Great *Aurora's* awful Cave
 At whose Entrance, there is writ:

HENCE YE PROPHANE, FAR HENCE, AND FEAR,
 TO APPROACH OR ENTER HERE.

He

He said, and it to him was told,
By him who sung of Arms, and Love,
That great Poet, fam'd of Old,
Favour'd by the Gods above;
Dying to him he bequeath'd
His Pipe, he taught him how to use,
Nay there's many think he breath'd,
In him, his departing Muse.

He said, *That low in Hell a Cave there lies,
From whence offensive stinking Fumes arise
Exhal'd from Acheron in which Abode
Eternal Punishments do sting and goad,
Eternal Torments, Darknefs, and Despair,
Prepar'd for all the Deaf and all th'ungrateful Fair.*

Place of Horror! be assur'd,
This is all for thee prepar'd:
This by thee must be endur'd,
Thou, to merit it hast dar'd:
'Tis but just that Smoak should force,
From those Eyes incessant Tears,
Which could see without Remorse,
Hourly Love, and Love of Years.
Never strive to change thy Heart,
Keep obdurate as thou art.

Silvia. But tell me, *Daphne*, to *Elpino's* Tale
Reply'd fair *Licoris*?

Daphne. Can that avail?

Why

Why of others would thou know ?
Mind thyself, and so be wise,
Did she speak? I tell thee No :
But she answer'd with her Eyes.

Silvia. Oh ! tell what Answer Eyes alone can make.

Daphne. They can either give, or take :
Smiling, her's on him were cast,
As to say this Heart is thine,
Thou hast conquer'd at the last
All is won, and I resign:
That's enough to ease his Pain,
If the Lover but believe,
But since Virgins learn'd to feign,
Eyes as well as Tongues deceive.

Silvia. Can there be Reason to suspect their Truth ?

Daphne. Hast thou never heard as yet,
Thyrsis in despairing Love,
Did abandon'd Home forget,
And in these wide Forests rove?
In blithe Nymphs and Shepherd Swains,
Mirth and Pity he would raise,
His Actions frantick; but his Strains
Often sweet, and worthy Praise :
On a thousand Barks he carv'd,
What increasing larger grew,
What the Reading well deserv'd,
His Experience, prov'd it true.

Ob!

Ob! Eyes false Mirror of a falser Heart,
In you is plainly read your own Deceit;
But if to shun them be from Love to part,
'Tis no Advantage to have known the Cheat.

Silvia. With thee discoursing too much Time I waste,
To Day the Chace is fix'd and I must haste.
Thou know'st the Fountain, I shall bathe me first,
To cool, refresh, and cleanse me from the Dust,
The Hind that Yesterday I chac'd, and kill'd,
In her swift Flight with Dust my Skin has fill'd,
Expect my quick Return.

Daphne. I shall wait, or rather come
And bathe me to allay the Heat,
First I step as far as Home,
'Tis not late, and we shall meet.
Think mean Time of what imports,
More to thee than Fountains can,
More than all thy little Sports,
Ever since thy Life began;
Thou hast no Experience yet;
Better not pretend to know,
Wouldst thou trust to Elder Wit
Quickly might'st thou wiser grow.

C

S C E N E



SCENE II.

AMINTAS. THYRSIS.

Amintas.H! I have heard the Waves and
senseless StonesEcho my Sighs, and Trees re-
turn my Groans:Compassion I must never hope
to see

In her whole Chain I wear, that cruel She,
Whose lovely Form conceals a savage Heart,
Where want of Pity heightens all my Smart,
'Than Things inanimate is She less kind,
, And more severe than shews a human Mind.

Thyrsis. On tender Tops of Grass the Lambkins feed,
For hungry Wolves the tender Lambkins bleed,

But

But cruel Love is ever fed with Tears,
Yet never full, or satisfy'd appears.

Amintas. Ah! thou mistak'st Love will have other Food,
Cloy'd with my Tears he now demands my Blood,
Love and her Eyes drink hourly from my Veins;
Ah! quickly drain forth all and end my Pains.

Thyrsis. Alas! *Amintas* speak not so distressed,
But hope, and gather Comfort in thy Breast;
Who knows but Time may cure, and thou may'st find
Another Maid as fair, and much more kind?

Amintas. Lost to myself no other me can please,
Thy Remedies are not for my Disease.

Thyrsis. 'Tis Length of Time must thy Desires obtain
Ah! Wretch despair not, thou her Love shalt gain.
Hyrcanian Tygers, Lions fierce and wild,
By Time and human Art, grow tame and mild.

Amintas. But to the Wretched Time gives Sorrow
Breath,
And every Minute takes from Quiet Death.

Thyrsis. Wait but a little; Woman prone to Change,
Is soon enrag'd, and pleas'd, nor think it strange,
Like moving Corn, or Branches to the Wind
Easily mov'd they alter, harsh, or kind.
Now if thy Prudence my Request approve,
Tell me more plainly thy ill fated Love,

Thy Passion I have long been Witness to,
 And heard thee sigh, but never learn'd for who.
 This Trust I claim, tho' thou the Croud refuse
 Claim as thy Friend, and Partner in the Muse.

Amintas. Yes, thou shalt hear what yet from Men
 conceal'd,
 To Woods, and Streams, and Hills has been reveal'd,
 Now as approaching Death draws swiftly on,
 Do thou divulge the Cause when I am gone :
 Then near the Place where my cold Clay shall rest,
 Carv'd on a Beech, be all my Love confest ;
 Where if the cruel Nymph by Chance pass by,
 Pleas'd let her trample, where my Bones do lye,
 And to herself with Pride in secret say :
 Behold thy Triumphs ! thus I Love repay ;
 May fresh Delight feast her relentless Ear,
 When she my hapless Tale renew'd shall hear,
 Hear her own Conquests talk'd of by the Swains,
 And all the Peasants of the neighbouring Plains,
 Rejoicing let her see the Pilgrim stand,
 To learn my Story for another Land :
 Yet do I hope, ah ! (hope too bold and high !)
 At last her Cruelty and Hate may die,
 That with a Tear she may behold my Grave,
 And deign to pity, what she scorn'd to save.
 Now *Thyrfis* hear.

Thyrfis. I shall attentive be,
 And hope to better Ends than yet we see.

Amintas.

Amintas. I yet so young, that scarce my outreach'd
Hand,

Could from the lowest Boughs the Fruit command,
Then saw I first, the loveliest, fairest Maid,
That golden Tresses, e're to Wind display'd;
Sylvia, the Wish of every Soul, and mine,
Honour of all these Woods, of Race divine,
Of her I speak, with whom my Days I spent,
Each Morn I wak'd to her and fresh Content;
Nor could you then among young Turtles find,
Companions better pair'd or half so kind;
Our Houses, as our Hearts, were nearly join'd,
Our Age was equal, and alike our Mind.
For Fish, and Fowl, our wily Nets we Spread,
And chang'd Diversion, as our Fancy led,
The Stag we chase, Death intercepts his Flight,
The Prey was common, common the Delight.
Thus as with Snares our daily Sport we fought
And quite unthinking, I myself was caught.
In my young Breast by slow Degrees arose,
(As some bad Weed, in Earth unplanted grows)
Passion unknown, this Wish a Life did give,
In *Sylvia's* Presence, always let me live;
Then from her Eyes my Soul strange Sweetness drew,
That bitter in the End, and painful grew:
Then did I feel continual Sighs arise,
But knew not yet the reason of those Sighs.
The Force of Love, my Youth did never hear,
It enter'd at my Heart, and not my Ear;

Its

Its Wound was heavy, what I since have felt
Now hear.

Thyrsis. I hear, and with Compassion melt.

Amintas. Beneath a well grown Beeches spreading Shade
As *Silvia*, *Phillis*, and myself were laid;
A little wanton Bee the Air did beat,
Play'd round the Flowers, and suck'd their bloomy
Sweet,

It flew to *Phillis*, to her rosy Cheek,
Fresh Store of Sweetness there it well might seek,
He fix'd his Sting, as they on Flowers will do,
Deceiv'd by flowry Scent, and flowry Hue.

Phillis impatient, bore the Pain but ill,
Ah! *Phillis*, said my *Sylvia*, keep thee still,
With certain magick Words that I can say,
I'll cure thy Wound, and take thy Pain away,
To me this Secret Sage *Aresia* Sold,

The Price my Ivory Horn, adorn'd with Gold.
This said the Lips of her sweet Mouth she laid,
Close to her Cheek, just where the Wound was made,
Then softly whispering, in a pleasing Tone,
She mutter'd Verses, known to her alone.

Ah! wonderful Effect! while we look'd on,
The Anguish ceas'd, and all the Pain was gone;
Whether the real Magick of those Words,
Spoke at the Wound such ready Help affords,
Or whether it were what I think more sure,
Her healing Lips, that touch, and make a Cure.
I who till now full Happiness did prize,
To view the sparkling Splendor of her Eyes,

Or hear the Words of her enchanting Song,
(Soft murmuring Streams move not so sweet along
Tho' in their Course they with the Pebbles play
And gently run with Musick all the Way:
Nor Air, when sounding thro' the shady Trees,
Her own Delight, like her blest Voice can please.)
Now my Heart felt Desires my Lips to join,
To meet with her's, and press them close to mine:
Crafty at once, and subtle I became,
Ah! what can quicken like Love's powerful Flame?
My Soul suggested a genteel Deceit,
To crown that Wish, and my Desire compleat,
A Bee, I cry'd, a Bee has stung me fore,
Then bit my Lip as from the Pain I bore,
My Looks requested tho' my Tongue was still,
Cure from her Pity, and her magick Skill:
Mov'd with my feign'd Complaint, the tender Maid
To my pretended Wound brought present Aid,
But ah alas! I my Soul's real Wound,
More deep, more mortal, and more desperate found,
When joining her soft Lip, such Sweets distill'd,
As from those Flowers that choicest Honey yield,
Nor can the Bee with all its Art extract,
Such as I tasted in this pleasing Act.
When if that Touch provok'd to further Bliss,
Tempting to press, and seal an ardent Kiss,
Repelling Fear those bolder Thoughts expell'd,
If thoughtless Love was eager, Shame withheld.
Descending Sweetness to my Heart flow'd fast
And mix'd with secret Poison as it pass;

Yet

Yet such extreme Delight, as made me feign,
 The Sting yet grievous, and increasing Pain ;
 Once more the Charm she at my Lip applies,
 Before I own the Smart, and Anguish flies.
 Daily from thence increas'd my warm Desire,
 Impatient, as my Passion mounted higher,
 The mighty Secret but by Force contain'd
 At Length broke Prison, and its Freedom gain'd ;
 Once when the Nymphs and Shepherds pass'd the Day
 Assembled on the Plain in rural Play,
 The Sport begins, in Circle we appear,
 Each whispers something in his Neighbour's Ear,
Sylvia, said I to her, for thee, I burn,
 Or see my Death, or make me some Return.
 At this displeas'd, she bow'd her beauteous Head,
 While o're her Face a sudden Blush was spread,
 Her Eyes when turn'd upon me darting Flame,
 Express'd her Anger, and express'd her Shame :
 No Answer I obtain'd ; a little Space
 She sat quite dumb, Confusion in her Face,
 Then rose with threatening Looks, that seem'd to say
 Henceforth I fly thee, Shepherd give me Way.
 Thrice has the Reaper bound the ripen'd Sheaves,
 Thrice has the Winter strip'd the Trees of Leaves,
 And I excepting Death, all Means have try'd
 To calm her Anger, and subdue her Pride.
 Death yet remains, 'tis that alone can please,
 Assuage her Hatred, or my Torment ease ;
 Proud will I die to add to her Content
 Or prouder yet if she my Loss lament,

Between

Between her Smiles, and Tears, 'twere hard to chuse,
She can't give both, and one she won't refuse:
Tho' fure her Pity at my parting Breath,
Would crown my Faith, and recompence my Death:
Not that I wish, no : not to make me blest,
To fill her Eye with Tears, or Pain her Breast.

Thyrsis. Should she behold thee thus and hear the grieve,
Would not at Length her melting Heart believe ?

Amintas. No, *Thyrsis*, no : She flies when I appear
Like Adders from the Charm, and stops her Ear.

Thyrsis. Confide in me, I who have Heart to say,
She soon shall hear thee, and thy Sighs repay.

Amintas. Thou by Intreaty nothing wilt obtain,
Or should'st thou, all from me would prove in vain.

Thyrsis. Why such confirm'd Despair?

Amintas. Despair indeed,
To bear those Miseries which we know decreed,
All my hard Fate, me *Mopsus* did foretell,
Who knows each Herb, and all their Virtues well,
In Springs their hidden Qualities can trace,
And talk familiar with the feather'd Race.

Thyrsis. Is it that *Mopsus*, he, who feigns a Smile?
Whose Words, when most like Friendship most beguile?

Grown old in Frauds he acts a double Part,
 And hides a Dagger with his utmost Art.
Amintas chear thee, those prophetick Lyes,
 Which for th' unwary, he can well devise,
 So gravely spoke, with such emphatick Force,
 Are not in future Fate, but Words of Course.
 This I have prov'd; nay if thou judge like me,
 Blest in thy Love, and prosperous thou must be.

Amintas. Speak if thy Knowledge such a Hope can
 give.

Thyrsis. It can, improve it thou, and let it live,
 When to these Woods me first my Fortune drew,
 The Man we speak of, *Mopsus* well I knew,
 Like thee esteem'd him full of Truth, and wise,
 'Till better Knowledge gave me other Eyes :
 Mean Time I chanc'd to move in an Affair
 Where Inclination had no little Share,
 To call me to the City, which with Pride
 Lifts it's high Turrets on the River's Side,
 Him when I told, he lifted up his Eye,
 Look'd proudly grave, and made me this Reply:
 Yes, thou shalt go, and visit that great Place,
 Where crafty Citizens a subtle Race,
 And double-minded Courtiers often sneer
 At simple Swains, and scoff when they appear.
 Son therefore be advis'd, press not too far,
 Where Habits trim'd with Gold, and Colours are,
 Where gaudy Plumes rise trembling to the Eye,
 And changing Modes but live a Day and die:

But

But above all, beware, chuse well thy Way,
Left Fate, or Fancy, draw thee so astray
To lead thy Steps in those enchanted Bounds
That reach the *Magazine of idle Sounds*.
Ah! fly that Place with Dread. I then request
What Place that is: he thus himself exprest.
Magicians there their Habitation keep,
Whose binding Charms, and Incantations deep,
Make Eyes and Ears loose all their proper Use,
And join in strong Delusion, and Abuse,
What to the Eye seems Gold, or Diamonds bright,
Is Glass, and Copper, and but cheats the Sight,
Those Chests you think of Silver richly wrought
Finish'd so highly, and with Treasure fraught,
Are worthless Baskets, and the Store they hold
Is empty Bladders, and not Gems, and Gold.
The Walls are built with Art, they speak, and hear,
And answer, not with shorten'd Sounds, but clear,
Not as the Echo half a Word, or less,
But all entire, and more then you express,
The Chairs, and Beds, and Curtains, use a Tongue
And all Things there talk all the Day along
There idle Sounds, in Form of Infant's Play,
Skipping around, and prattling all the Way,
Mutes entring here in talking take Delight,
Or chat and babble in their own Despight.
This is the smallest Ill that thou can'st meet:
Things much more dreadful rise before thy Feet,
When treading on some Charm, thy Form thou loose,
And horrid Thoughts thy fleeting Sense confuse,

Perhaps some Willow shall thy Soul detain,
 Perhaps in Water it may long remain,
 Or else in Flames, or waft in both thy Cries,
 Thy Tears the Water, and the Fire thy Sighs.
 At last he clos'd his Tale : I strait depart,
 And seek the City with a fearful Heart.
 When Heaven my gracious Guide, my Steps I bent,
 And quickly pass'd the happy Place he meant.
 Harmonious Voices and the sweetest Song,
 Like Swans, and Nymphs, with Sirens in the Throng,
 Of heavenly Sirens ; echoing to the Plain,
 A sweet, and clear, and strong delightful Strain,
 So soft from that blest dwelling struck the Air,
 That Joy and Admiration fix'd me there.
 Just at the Entrance with heroick Grace,
 As Genius, and as Guardian, of the Place
 Stood one whose pleasing Aspect blest the Sight,
 And spoke a GENERAL, or some warlike Knight ;
 His Looks tho' grave, yet all benign and sweet,
 With royal Courtesy my Eyes did meet,
 High as he was, so great in Power, and Name,
 As low was I, and quite unknown to Fame,
 Then judge my great Surprise ; to hear him say
 Friend enter in, and at thy Pleasure stay.
 What Sights, and Sounds, met my charm'd Ears, and
 Eyes!
 New Stars of Beauty, and new Suns did rise,
 Celestial Forms, Nymphs all divinely fair,
 And Orpheus was in Musick equal there.
 No Veil, or Cloud, stop'd the enquiring Sight,
 'Twas like *Aurora* dress'd with chearful Light,
 Such,

Such, and so great the virgin Morn appears
 To Eyes immortal, and the starry Spheres,
 Who rising in her Brightness they behold,
 Shed Silver Dew, and scatter Rays of Gold.
 Great *Phæbus* self was there; his Glory shone
 Creating Light, to spread and make it known,
 Near him around I saw the Muses wait,
 As near, and mix'd with them *Elpino* sat:
 Fir'd with the Sight my Soul at once grew great;
 Fill'd with new Strength, and fresh poetick Heat,
 I, as impuls'd from Heaven, my Voice prepare
 To sing of mighty Heroes, and of War,
 The Verse was lofty for the Theme was high,
 My Mind enlarg'd fresh Flights did hourly try,
 The Shepherds Pipe disdain'd and thrown neglected by.
 And tho' return'd to these low Woods again,
 Part of that Spirit still inspires my Strain;
 Nor breathes my Pipe, as once in humble Sound;
 But swelling Notes back from the Hills resound;
 With heighten'd Numbers makes these Plains rejoice,
 And emulates the Trumpets sprightly Voice.
 Me *Mopsus* heard; and with malicious Eye
 Bewitch'd my Voice, and made my Musick dye,
 Grown hoarse, and all untun'd alone I mourn'd,
 And kept long Silence, till my Muse return'd;
 By some curs'd Wolf the Shepherds judged me seen;
 But *Mopsus* was that Wolf, and him you mean.
 From what I've told thee, thou with Ease may'st learn
 His Speeches are not worth thy least Concern:
 Ill he foretells, which rightly understood,
 Should give thee Hope like me to meet with Good.

Amintas

Amintas. Pleas'd with thy Words I Strength and
Comfort get,
And to thy Care that of my Life commit.

Thyrsis. My greatest it shall be, mark thou this Place
And meet me here within this Half-hour's Space.

CHORUS to ACT I.

Blest Age of Gold! not only blest,
That thy Milk, and Hony flow'd,
That the Earth as yet at Rest,
Bore unplow'd its plenteous Load,
Hurtless, then the Viper's Sting,
Neither Fear, nor Pain, could bring.

Not only blest, that all serene,
Spring eternally begun,
Veils of dusky Gloom unseen;
All was Light, and chearful Sun;
Spring and Summer now fly fast,
Close pursued by Winter's Blast.

Not only blest, that Trade, and War,
Neighbouring Earth could yet confine
That the Stranger from a far,
Had not bore on Seas the Pine ;

But blest alone because that empty Name,
That Idol of Deceit, and Spring of Shame

Since

Since by the witlefs *Honour* call'd,
(Tyrant o'er Nature it has long enthrall'd,)
Mix'd not perplexing where young Lovers met,]
Nor to their fond Desires such Limits set,
Limits, and Laws, to those free Souls unknown,
Where Love and Liberty are join'd in one:
They Nature's Golden Laws in Love obey
Ask to be happy; if you please you may.

Then Little *Loves* did dancing go
Without a Torch, without a Bow,
Round and through the Beds of Flowers,
Round the limpid Springs, and Bowers,
Nymphs and Shepherds mix'd in Play
Whispers soft, and Gesture gay,
Whispers that forerun a Kiss,
Receiv'd with Warmth, and paid with Bliss.

Virgins to the Sight reveal'd,
Charms of late in Veils conceal'd,
Eyes unwilling to deceive,
And Breasts unblown, that scarcely heave,
By the Lake or Fountain Side
Softly as the Waters glide,
Mimick Forms of Love and Play,
Kissing, Toying just like they,
Court young Lovers there to stay
And kiss, and toy, again like they.

Honour, Thou hast stop'd the Spring,
Whence those Pleasures once did flow,

Heat,

Heat, and Thirst, tho' Lovers bring,
Mock'd and unreliev'd they go.

Thou to Eyes first taught'st the Art
To restrain their lovely Rays,
To bely and pain the Heart,
And turn aside from welcome Gaze.

Hair that loosely to the Wind
Wantonly did flow and play,
Bound and plaited now we find,
Neither natural nor gay.
Am'rous Actions Love's sweet Food.
Chang'd to Shyness, coy Disdain,
Words restrain'd, half understood,
Steps have Art; and own thy Chain.

Honour thou alone had'st Power,
To make that Theft, which Love had gave,
Laments, and Pains of every Hour,
Fully prove Mankind thy Slave.
Lord of Nature, and of Love,
Lord, and Conqueror of Kings,
From these Plains thy Greatness move,
We are born for lesser Things.

To the Great and Potent go,
Mix thy Troubles with their Sleep,
Us neglect, for thee too low,
Ancient Freedom let us keep.

Let

Let us love ; for human Life
Has not made a Truce with Time,
Short at longest is the Strife,
Let us love ; at least our Prime.

We resemble not the Sun,
Who setting dies, but lives to rise :
To us, when our short Race is run
Night eternal veils our Eyes.

The End of the First Act.





ACT II. SCENE I.

The SATYR alone.



BEE, though small can with its little
Sting

Strike through the Skin, and pierce with
painful Wounds :

But how can that be well compar'd to
Love ?

If Love can enter where no room ap-
pears,

And hide itself in every little Space ;

Now shaded in the Graces of a Brow,

And now in flowing Ringlets of the Hair,

Or else in Dimples, that a beauteous Face

Creating Charms, Forms sweetly when it smiles ;

And yet it makes such deep and desperate Wounds,

E.

Mortal

Mortal too often and too great for Cure.
 Ah me! that feel myself so pierc'd, and seem
 To be but one great Wound; a Thousand Darts
 Has cruel Love, that fly from *Sylvia's* Eyes,
 Ah cruel Love! ah *Sylvia* cruel Maid!
 More savage than the Woods, that give thy Name,
 O! Name well understood; the Woods contain
 Amidst their Verdure, Snakes and savage Beasts,
 Tygers, and Lions, and the foaming Bear;
 Thou in thy beauteous Breast Disdain, and Hate
 And Want of Mercy; Things more fierce and wild
 Than all the Savages the Woods produce;
 These can be tam'd, and pacify'd; but those,
 Nor Prayers, nor Gifts, nor Force, nor Art, can
 Gain.

To strive is vain, whene're I bring fresh Flowers,
 Refusing them and me thou turn'st aside;
 Knowing too well that on thy lovely Cheek
 Is greater Bloom, and more attractive Sweet;
 Have I not gather'd Apples for thy Taste?
 Of golden Hue, and streak'd with chearful Red,
 And thou disdainfully hast put them by;
 Ah! they resemble well thy lovely Breast,
 Excepting that is white as new fall'n Snow;
 Oft as I take sweet Honey from the Hive,
 It meets with thy Refusal, and thy Frowns;
 Thou know'st much greater Sweets are on thy Lips.
 But if alas! my Poverty is such
 That all my Gifts are small, and cannot rise
 To meet Acceptance, I myself a Gift

Offer

Offer to thee, and why relentless Fair!
Dost thou abhor and scorn me? None can say
That I am such a despicable Object
To merit so much Hate for so much Love
If I may trust the Stream, that not long since
The Winds being still, past on without a Wave,
And shew'd me to myself; my ruddy Face,
My spreading Shoulders, and my manly Breast
My nervous finewy Arms, and shaggy Thighs.
These are true Signs of Strength, and Marks of Man-
hood,

Of which if thou distrust at least make Proof.
Ah! take not one of those whose tender Make
Is like thy own, whose smooth and hairless Cheek
Is deck'd with plaited Hair, one who in Face
Is but a Woman, and in Force a Child.

Bid one of these go climb yon Mountains Top,
Or fast the Day in Woods, or sandy Plains;
Bid him for thee go combat with wild Boars,
Or from the teeming Bear, go force the Prey.
'Tis not because deform'd that I'm despis'd,
Or for the Form and Fashion of my Limbs,
But for my poor Estate; the Day is come,
Alas! that Villages once plain, and honest,
Follow Example of the stately City.

This may be justly call'd the Age of Gold,
Since Gold has conquer'd all, and governs all.
Oh! thou! whose're it was, that first didst teach
To sell and barter Love, accurs'd be thou,
Thy buried ashes, and thy Bones tho' dead;
Never let Nymph or Shepherd as they pass

O're

O're thy cold Grave, say Peace, and be at Rest;
Let the Rain beat, and the Wind move thy Dust,
Let Flocks with Feet unhallow'd dig it up,
And Pilgrims scatter it thro' many Lands.
Thou first debas'd the Nobleness of Love,
And turn'd its greatest Sweets, to Bitterness.
A venal Love, a Love that serves for Gold,
A greater Monster, one more loath'd and ugly,
Nor Earth nor Sea has ever yet produc'd.
But why in vain Laments waste I the Day?
Nor dare to follow Nature? she has taught
To every Creature to preserve itself.
The Stag who wants Defence knows how to fly,
While the fierce Lion and the savage Boar
Turn on their Hunters conscious of their Strength
They find their Teeth, and Claws, are Arms of Force:
But Woman's Strength is Beauty, all their Power
Is native Charms, and every Charm a Dart:
I who by Nature form'd robust and strong
And fit for Acts of Violence and Rapes
Why act I not as Nature bids me do?
Yes! Force shall ravish from this peevish Maid
What she denies the just Reward of Love.
I'm told that in a Fountain near this Place
She often comes to bathe: there will I wait
Conceal'd among the Rushes, and the Shrubs,
Then rush at once, and press her to my Arms:
With Strength or Flight then how can she escape?
She a weak Damself of a tender Frame,

And

And I so very strong and swift of Foot,
 Then let her sigh, and weep, use every Art,
 And strive to move Compassion with her Beauty.
 I will be deaf to all; revenge shall feed,
 I'll twist her Hair round this relentless Arm,
 And bathe me in her Blood; ungrateful Woman!

SCENE II.

DAPHNE. THYRSIS.

Daphne.



THYRSIS, *Aminta's Love and Sylvia's Hate*

Have reach'd my Knowledge from
 their earliest Date:

His Cause Heaven knows I plead
 and wish him blest,

And further still will strive at thy Request,

Tho' 'tis a Task believe me easier far

To tame wild Beasts, a Tyger, or a Bear,

Than make a Heart insensible and lov'd,

Believe a Passion it has never prov'd,

A simple Maid, simple alike and fair

That knows not yet how great her Beauties are,

How

How sharp the thoughtless Glances of her Eyes;
 But smiles unartful, while her Lover dies,
 Scatters, destructive Graces all around,
 And often kills without Design to wound.

Thyrsis. What Maid so simple *Daphne* can't thou find?
 To Art a Foe, and her own Beauty blind,
 Their Infants Sports to study Charms they leave,
 They learn to please, and teach the Breast to heave,
 Pleasing to wound, and know what Arms can kill,
 And what can heal and Life restore at Will.

Daphne. Who teaches tender Virgins so much Art?

Thyrsis. Ah! how thou feign'st and act'st a double
 Part?

Ask me who taught the Lark to spread the Wing,
 Who teaches Fish to swim, or Birds to sing,
 Who Bulls and Rams to use the Horn in Fight,
 Who the proud Peacock eyed with Azure bright,
 To spread his gaudy Plumes, and raise them to the
 Sight. }

Daphne. Tell me I pray thee this great Teacher's
 Name.

Thyrsis. 'Tis *Daphne*.

Daphne. *Thyrsis*, speak no more for Shame.

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis. Why? thou art able or I judge amiss
 To teach a thousand Maids as much as this,
 But if we speak the Truth they need not thee,
 Nor but one Mistress, and kind Nature she:
 Yet does the Nurse and Mother take a Part;
 And plant a female Cunning in the Heart.

Daphne. Thou speak'st like *Thyrsis*, not mistaken
 quite,
 Subtle and sly and yet but half aright.
 Tho' I confess a Doubt of late has rose,
 That *Sylvia's* Actions, and her Thoughts are Foes,
 Her Words disguises she puts hourly on
 And feign'd Simplicity that shews she has none.
 At Yesternoon methought she seem'd to prove
 That she had conscious Charms, and Baits for Love.
 There near those Fields, whose Sight the Town
 commands
 Amidst the Lake, a little Island stands,
 Low on the flowry Bank was *Sylvia* bent
 As if to kiss the gentle Wave she meant,
 Or flatter her own Form, reflected there,
 So young, so fine of Feature, and so fair;
 She counsel'd with the Water, how to place
 Her flowing Hair, to give the greatest Grace,
 And o're her Hair her Veil, then from her Breast,
 With many various Flowers, a Garland dress'd;
 Sometimes the Lillies o're her Breast she throws,
 Sometimes her Check she matches with the Rose,

Then smiles with Victory, and joys to see
 The Rose and Lilly, not so fine as she;
 Her Looks betray'd her Thoughts, and seem'd to say,
 Ye vanquish'd Beauties live my Slaves to Day,
 Not that I wear you to adorn my Face,
 But to insult, and publish your Disgrace;
 Much paler to thy Shame, thou Lilly grow,
 And blush thou Rose, to be exceeded so,
 For heighten'd thus the gazing Crowd shall see,
 Your Bloom, and Colour faint, when seen with me.
 Herself adorning thus, she turn'd her Eye,
 Asham'd, and blushing, finding I was by
 Confus'd she rose in Haste, and from her Hand,
 Drop'd as by Chance the Flowers upon the Sand.
 I laugh aloud, she turns her Face aside,
 And bashfull Modesty subdues her Pride:
 Her Hair was partly tyed, and Part behind
 Hung loose as yet, and wanton'd in the Wind,
 By Stealth she eyes the Stream, and watches me,
 To catch a Moment when I least might see;
 Unfinish'd in her Dress herself she view'd,
 And more than once, the pleasing Sight renew'd,
 Self pleas'd to find that an unfinish'd Dress,
 Could neither change, or make her Beauty less.

Thyrsis. Thou'lt only told me what I've long believ'd;
 Now *Daphne*, own that I'm not much deceiv'd.

Daphne. Perhaps but little, tho' in former Times,
 Such things, in such young Nymphs were counted Crimes

Now

Now they with Cunning use the Eyes, and Tongue,
Things quite unknown to me when I was young.
Time hurts the World, as Ages pass away
They grow less perfect, and confess Decay.

Thyrsis. In Woods, in Fields, or on the rural Green,
Seldom from Cities then were Strangers seen,
Nor rustick Swain, or Maid did then resort,
To see great Cities and the shining Court,
Now they to us, and we to them are known,
We learn their Habits, and forget our own.
But leave we this Discourse, to learn of thee,
How soon a Meeting can with *Sylvia* be,
Can'st thou not bring *Amintas* to her Ear?
Where only she, or thou and she may hear.

Daphne. 'Tis hard, so backward, and so coy, is she.

Thyrsis. Equally fearful, and respectful he.

Daphne. Fear, and Respect in Love! then I despair,
A distant Carriage never gains the Fair;
Counsel him better, whisper in his Ear,
Who learns to love, should learn to banish Fear;
Be daring, ask, solicit, importune,
Press, and steal Favours, then you conquer soon,
If that should fail, use Violence, use Force,
Our Cries, and Struggles are but Things of Course.
Why thou know'st Women, all are of a Make,
They only fly that you may overtake;

A Kifs denied; go snatch it, they'll be dumb,
 And strive a little, to be overcome;
 In thee confiding I the Sex betray:
Thyrsis, take Care, repeat not what I say,
 But most of all in Verse, for learn before,
 I'll find out something that shall vex thee more.

Thyrsis. Suspect me not, that e're my Tongue, or Quill
 Should write, or speak of ought against thy Will,
 Now I conjure thee *Daphne*, by that Day,
 When blooming Youth did on thy Bosom play,
 Some Help, some Means of Comfort quick devise,
 To save *Amintas*, who without it dies.

Daphne. A well adapted Speech, is this in Truth,
 To wake Reflection of my pleasing Youth
 How many Pleasures then, and now how few,
 Come, tell me plainly, what have I to do?

Thyrsis. Nor Skill nor Counsel hast thou need to ask,
 Be thou but willing that performs the Task.

Daphne. Well I have thought, and can for certain say
 The Opportunity may be to Day:
Diana's Fountain, where the Plantan Shade,
 Such a sweet Shadow o're the Stream has made,
 Inviting to its fresh and verdant Seat,
 The Virgin Train, to shun the Noon-Day Heat,
 There I meet *Sylvia*, she will bathe her there,
 Her naked Limbs and all her Beauties bare.

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis. What then ?

Daphne. What then ? why there's enough exprest,
A Fool may understand, and act the rest.

Thyrsis. *Amintas* wants the Courage.

Daphne. Let him Stay
Till somebody ask him, if that's his Way.

Thyrsis. Nay he deserves it,

Daphne. That in Time he'll see,
But *Thyrsis* let us speak a Word of thee :
Why art not thou in Love ? or I forget
Thou dost not double fifteen Years as yet,
Unpair'd, and joyless, can those Rules be right ?
The Man alone that loves knows true Delight.

Thyrsis. He runs to *Venus* who from *Cupid* flies,
And tastes of many Sweets, that he denies,
Sweets all entire, and pure, Love mixes all,
There's Store of Honey, but as much of Gall.

Daphne. A little Bitter, serves to relish Love,
Sweets else would cloy, and but insipid prove.

Thyrsis. So let me still be cloy'd, 'tis better far,
Then always hungry as fond Lovers are.

Daphne.

Daphne. No there is Food, on which thou well might'st
feast,
And oft return again a welcome Guest.

Thyrsis. But who can find it? what can always please
Be ever ready, and be gain'd with Ease?

Daphne. None, where Desires are wanting in the
Mind,
The Good he seeks not who expects to find.

Thyrsis. To seek is dangerous, what when found may
give
Pleasures that die with greater Pains that live.
No more at *Cupid's* Shrine will *Thyrsis* kneel,
Nor ask his Shaft to wound, or Power to heal,
No more devoted near his Throne resort,
Till Sighs and Tears are banish'd from his Court :
Enough I've wept, enough this bleeding Heart
Has sigh'd, and now let others take their Part.

Daphne. Love shall reward thy every Sigh and Tear.

Thyrsis. I don't request it, if it cost so dear.

Daphne. But Love by Force can enter in the Heart.

Thyrsis. Who keeps at Distance, needs not fear his
Dart.

Daphne.

Daphne. Distant from Love who can pretend to be?

Thyrsis. The Man alone that fears and flies is he.

Daphne. And what can that avail? small Help it brings,
To fly from Love, for Love thou know'st has Wings.

Thyrsis. When young his Wings are short, and scarce
can bear
To rise to Flight, and lift him thro' the Air.

Daphne. Then Men perceive him not, and when he's
known
Too late they find his full fledg'd Wings are grown.

Thyrsis. He that has been subdu'd by Love before,
Is least in Danger, and expects no more.

Daphne. Love henceforth thou wilt see as soon as born,
When seen fly from it and it's Swiftnefs scorn;
Much Quicker then the Lynx, must be thy Eye,
And swifter then the Race-Horse must thou fly;
But I protest, if this a Boast should prove,
And I should live to see thee sick with Love,
I would not move a Finger to thy Aid,
Nor lift an Eye to see thy Love repaid.

Thyrsis. Ah cruel Creature! could'st thou have the
Heart,
To act in Earnest such a barb'rous Part?

Well

Well if I needs must love, let thou, and I,
Love by Agreement; what dost thou reply?

Daphne. How sharp a Banter! yet I'am not so old,
To be forsaken quite, as dead, and cold,
Ah! thou'rt deceiv'd and many that look gay,
Colour their Cheeks and Hair to hide Decay.

Thyrsis. No, I'm in earnest, thou indeed dost use,
This feign'd Reproach my Passion to refuse,
'Tis like you Women, this I only gain,
If thou refuse my Love, I'll live without the Pain.

Daphne. Yes *Thyrsis* live Content, at Leisure live
In all the Pleasure that these Plains can give,
Love often steals upon the idle Hour,
And thou again perhaps may'st feel its Power.

Thyrsis. Oh *Daphne*! He to me is like a God
That gives this Leisure; under whose Defence,
Feed those great Herds, and all the numerous Flocks,
That croud on either Shore, on fertile Plains,
Or on the Ridge of rugged *Appenine*.
He said to me when first he made me his,
Thyrsis, let others drive out Wolves and Thieves,
And others guard the Folds, or else dispense
Rewards, and Punishments, among my Servants,
Let others watch the Herds on Hills and Downs,
And save the Milk and Wool, and share it out:
Sing thou, and without Labour pass the Day;

But

But not in idle Songs and tales of Love
 Extend thy Voice, ah might it be so high !
 To speak the great, the glorious Ancestors
 Of him, whose Name, 'tis hard for me to give,
 Whether the true *Apollo*, or great *Jove* ;
 In Form, and Actions, he resembles both.
 How shall I swell my Note to this high Theme ?
 The Fame of his Progenitors ; from whom
 Is gain'd more Honour, than if born from *Jove*.
 Ah ! 'Tis too lofty for my homely Muse,
 Honour'd with Royal Grace ; by him my Song,
 Was ne're despis'd, alike if hoarse, or clear.
 Him would I praise, but that my humble Strain,
 Would do his Virtues wrong, which aw'd I see,
 Honour and Reverence, but dare not speak.
 Yet daily to his Altars let me go,
 And offer Flowers, and sweetest Incense there ;
 This small Devotion, always will I use ;
 When it shall leave this Breast, Nature shall change,
 The Stag shall feed in Air, and on the Air,
 Rivers turn back, and change their constant Course
 The *Persian* drink the *Po*, the *Ganges* we.

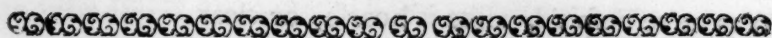
Daphne. Oh thou hast soar'd aloft, now pray descend,
 Speak, of *Amintas* what dost thou intend ?

Thyrsis. Then thus ; with *Sylvia* use thy utmost Art,
 And strive to soften her obdurate Heart,
 Go to the Fountain, and leave me the Care
 To seek *Amintas*, and conduct him there.

In this our greatest Skill we both must try,
Thou must persuade, and press, and so must I.


Daphne. I go, but first I make my earnest Suit,
What ever happens thou and I are mute.

Thyrsis. As well as I can at this Distance see,
Here comes *Amintas*, certain it is he.



SCENE II.

AMINTAS. THYRSIS.

Amintas.  *THYRSIS* returns not, and I am
much afraid
He finds abortive all his promis'd
Aid,

If so it be, a willing Sacrifice
I fall, before the cruel *Sylvia's* Eyes,
She who with Pleasure sees my wounded Heart,
(That from her Eyes, receiv'd the pointed Dart,)
With more will this determin'd Hand behold,
Strike deep, and smile when Death shall leave me cold.

Thyrsis. News and glad Tidings, now *Amintas* Hope,
And give not to thy Grief, so large a Scope.

Amintas,

Amintas. Ah me! what say'st thou? speak, for on thy
Breath,
My Fate depends, say, is it Life, or Death?

Thyrsis. I bring the Life, and Health, but thou must
dare
To meet them bravely when I tell thee where.
From me expect Assistance all I can;
Do thou be bold, and shew thyself a Man.

Amintas. What is it I must dare? or can there be
A lucky Minute yet in Fate for me?

Thyrsis. What if thy *Sylvia* in some Wood were stray'd,
Surrounded with high Clifts, a dreadful Shade!
Where Tygers haunt, and Lions watch for Prey,
Would'st thou go meet her, in that dangerous Way,

Amintas. I would as gladly as the Country Maid,
Flies to the Dance, and nothing more afraid.

Thyrsis. But what if armed Thieves had seiz'd thy Fair
And bore to Mountains? would'st thou venture there?

Amintas. *Thyrsis*, more eager, than the thirsty Deer
Runs panting to the Brook, or Fountain clear.

Thyrsis. An Act of greater Boldness thou must shew.

Amintas. Amidst the rapid Torrent let me go,

When Rains descending fall with greatest Force,
 And Snow dissolving joins them in their Course,
 I'd pass thro' Fire to Hell, if Hell could be,
 Where there was such a perfect Form as she ;
 Now tell me all the rest.

Thyrsis. Observance lend.

Amintas. With much Impatience, *Thyrsis* I attend.

Thyrsis. That *Sylvia* waits thee at a Fountain know,
 Alone and naked, dost thou dare to go?

Amintas. Alone and naked ? Don't delude me thus,

Thyrsis. Excepting *Daphne's* with her, who's for us,

Amintas. Naked and waits for me ?

Thyrsis. Naked I say,
 But yet.

Amintas. What yet ? thou takes my Hopes away.

Thyrsis. Too diffident *Amintas* thou may'st be ;
 There *Sylvia* waits, but nothing knows of thee,

Amintas. A harsh Conclusion ; those few Words at last
 Have bitter'd, and have poison'd all the past :
 Why dost thou sooth or raise my Hope at all ?
 To curse me more, and aggravate my Fall,

Is my Distress so small? that thou should strive
To add new Pain, and keep the old alive.

Thyrsis, My judgment follow happy thou may'st live.

Amintas. To me what wholesome Counsel can'st thou
give?

Thyrsis. Wisely behave, and take this present Hour,
What friendly Fortune puts within thy Power.

Amintas. Forbid it Heaven! that I should e're consent
To her Displeasure, or her Discontent,
A Crime like that, my Soul has never known,
My great Offence has been in Love alone,
A Fault, that first did from her Beauty rise,
And shot in thrilling Glances from her Eyes;
From thence her Slave, I study how to please,
Her Will my Law, and her Content my Ease,

Thyrsis. But tell me, could'st thou leave to Love at Will,
Would'st thou to give her Pleasure keep it still?

Amintas. Great Love commands it *Thyrsis*, were it so,
I must not, would not, from my Passion go,

Thyrsis. But say that *Sylvia* would not have thee love,
How could that Action thy Obedience prove?
Suppose to thee her Will was fully known,
And thou had'st Power to let that Love alone.

Still

Still would'st thou cherish it in her Despight?

Amintas, I say not so but yet to love is right. •

Thyrsis. 'Tis right thou say'st to love, and disobey?

Amintas. I do, but why dost echo what I say?

Thyrsis. To know the Reason why thou dost not dare,
To meet with Courage, and caress the Fair;
Offend, if Kisses can Offences be,
And gently press her when she frowns on thee:
She'll find tho' unconsenting she appear,
Thy Kisses sweet, and thy Embraces dear.

Amintas. I can't reply, tho' Love speaks in my Heart.
Ah! *Thyrsis* thou art vers'd, and full of Art,
Of Love thou much hast known, and much can'st say;
Tho' I believe not thine a proper Way,
Words will not rise thy Error to confute,
For what has bound my Heart, has made me mute.

Thyrsis. If this be thy Resolve we must not go.

Amintas. *Thyrsis*, I will since Fate will have it so:
But not where thou may'st think.

Thyrsis. Then tell me where.

Amintas. To Death, for that alone can cure my Care,
If

If this is all the Comfort thou can'st give,
To die is Pleasure, and 'tis Death to live.

Thyrsis. Is it a little? It might all obtain,
How weak thy Reason! and Laments how vain!
'Tis *Daphne's* Counsel, and that *Daphne* knows
The Mind of *Sylvia*, we may well suppose,
Perhaps that *Sylvia* knows the whole Affair,
And goes on Purpose but to see thee there:
Then search no farther, an exprefs Consent,
Seems wholly opposite to her Intent;
Virgins have often little Arts like these:
Now, where are all thy strong Desires to please?
If she has chose thy Happiness should be
A Theft, or Rapine, what is that to thee?
Fond Youth be well advis'd, no Difference make
Whether she give, or suffer thee to take.

Amintas. Who can assure me her Desire is such.

Thyrsis. 'Tis Folly in thee, to require so much,
It must disgust her if her Lover tries,
To gain that Certainty, which she denies,
All these may be her Thoughts; suppose it so
Then what must follow should'st thou fail to go:
'Tis doubtful, and the Risque is just the same:
Ah! rather fall with Glory than with Shame,
Still art thou silent, then at once confess,
Thyself convinc'd, for I perceive no less,
Yield now to me, and triumph o're the Fair;
Come to the Fountain, we shall find her there.

Amintas.

Amintas. But stay.

Thyrfis. For what? when Time flies on so fast;
The Hour appointed will be quickly past.

Amintas. Ah! first consider, yet I do not know
What I'm to act, or if I ought to go.

Thyrfis. We'll think on't by the Way, but thinking
here
Can help but little, since the Case is clear.

CHORUS to ACT II.

O *H Cupid!* whilst above the Skies,
Thou with soaring Pinions flies,
From what Master? in what School?
Ever can be learn'd the Rule,
To convey into the Heart,
All thy long, and various Art,
Who such moving Language find?
To speak the Dictates of the Mind.
Not the Learn'd at *Athens* bred,
Tho' in Rhetorick deeply read,
Nor *Phæbus*, that great Name above,
Speaking in the Cause of Love,
Ever can be said, or thought
To speak like those, whom thou hast taught;

His

His Speech is low, and much too cold,
Not like thine, both sweet and bold :
No: he wants that Voice of Fire,
We so much in thee admire.
Much, ah! very much is he,
Below thy Mysteries, and thee.
Gentle *Love*, 'tis thou alone
Teachest Love, and mak'st it known,
In thy Words it stands confess'd,
Only by thyself Express'd:
Minds unform'd of little Skill,
Thou to read, canst teach at Will,
All those Wonders, that by thee,
In sweet Letters written be,
On the Form, and in the Eyes,
Where thy full Dominion lies :
All the Votaries of thine,
Speak with Eloquence divine,
And often without that can move,
(Wond'rous Rhetorick of Love !)
Broken Accents, Words confus'd,
By the humble Lover us'd,
Better can express the Heart,
Than if distinct, and spoke with Art ;
Nay Silence often Help affords,
And moves as much, as Pray'rs, and Words.
Love, let others read and pore,
Turn their Books and Papers o'er,

T D A

H

I

I shall quickly grow more wise,
 By observing Lover's Eyes.
 Then my Verse, tho' rudely drest,
 But on humble Barks imprest,
 May contend and bear the Prize,
 Away from Pens, more learn'd and wise.

The End of the SECOND ACT.



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

THYRSIS. CHORUS.

Thyrsis.



H Cruelty extreme! Oh steadfast
Hate!

Oh most ungrateful of a Sex ingrate!
Why Nature would'st thou negligently place?

In Woman's outward Form, such
winning Grace,

To give them courteous Looks, all soft, and kind,
And quite forget to beautify the Mind.

Ah wretched Youth! I fear I search in vain,
He tired of Life, perhaps himself has slain,
I've sought him at the Place we parted last,
And round about the Wood for three Hours past,

H 2

But

But all without Success ; where is he fled ?
 Where can he be ? ah certain he is dead.
 I'll ask these Shepherds ; not unlikely they
 May give me Tidings, if he pass'd this Way,
 Friends have you seen *Amintas* ? can you tell
 News of him lately ? know ye if he's well ?

Chorus. Thou seem'st much troubled, what can'st thou
 have met ?

To make thee gasp, and pant with so much Heat ?
 Has something ill befall thee ?

Thyrsis. Much I fear
 It has *Amintas*, have you seen him here ?

Chorus. Not since with thee he parted, but what ill
 Is there to fear ?

Thyrsis. That he himself should kill.

Chorus. Destroy himself ! what hurries on his Fate ?
 Dost thou know what should cause it ?

Thyrsis. Love, and Hate.

Chorus. When two such potent Foes unite their Forces
 Who can withstand, or interrupt their Course ?
 But speak more plain.

Thyrsis. *Aminta's* Fate is such,
 To love a Nymph too well, who hates as much.

Chorus.

Chorus. Ah! stay and tell us all, a pleasing Shade
Along this Path, from those high Trees is made,
Mean Time we may hear more, or if alive
Perhaps *Amintas* may himself arrive.

Thyrsis. Most freely I shall speak, for 'tis not just,
To bury such Unkindness in the Dust,
Or that such strange Ingratitude remains,
Without the Infamy it justly gains.
Then understand, *Amintas* was appriz'd,
(Unfortunate am I that him advis'd)
That *Sylvia*, at a Fountain had Intent
To bathe with *Daphne*, to that Place he went,
Dubious, and wavering, all the Way was he,
But strongly mov'd, and importun'd by me,
Turn'd often back, but I still urg'd him on
And forc'd him forward, to be quite undone.
When near the Fountain to our great Surprise,
We heard a female Voice in dreadful Cries
At Distance *Daphne* in Confusion stands,
Lifting her Eyes, and clasping both her hands,
Perceiving us, aloud she cry'd, make Haste
Fly; *Sylvia*'s ravish'd; there's no Time to waste.
Amintas hearing this flew fast away,
Like a swift Leopard in Pursuit of Prey,
I after him, he leaves me far behind,
Runs faster then the Deer, and like the Wind.
At last we both arrive, where we might see,
The naked Virgin bound against a Tree,

With

With Cords around the Trunk her Hair was tied,
 And tangled in a thousand Knots beside;
 The Girdle that her Virgin Waist had bound,
 Assistant to th' intended Rape was found,
 It girded both her Hands, that met behind,
 Nor was the senseless Tree itself more kind;
 To bind each tender Leg, a Wreath it lent,
 And o're her Joints, its wounded Branches bent;
 While a curst *Satyr* with a brutal Gust,
 Stood just before her, boiling o're with Lust,
 She striving to get loose, but bound so fast,
 Those Strugglings, had but little while to last.
Amintas ran; with an extended Dart,
 Whose Point was meant to reach the *Satyr's* Heart;
 I too, with gather'd Stones, was well prepar'd,
 To help in an Encounter, had he dar'd.
 On this he fled, but yet had prov'd too slow,
 But that our Care for *Sylvia* let him go.
 To her, *Amintas* turn'd his greedy Eyes,
 And saw her naked Bosom heave and rise,
 View'd all her trembling Limbs, with vast Delight,
 So justly fashion'd, and so lovely white,
 The Pleasure sparkled lively in his Face,
 And those few Moments, fill'd up Sorrow's Place.
 When in respectful Manner, drawing near,
 He spoke with Modesty and full of Fear.
 Pardon Oh! *Sylvia* if these trembling Hands,
 Perform what strong Necessity commands,
 If they to touch thee, must approach so nigh,
 To loose the Bands, and these hard Knots unty.

Ah!

Ah ! Let not this a Boon from Fortune sent,
Offend too much, or make thee discontent.

Chorus. Words that might touch, and melt a Heart
of Stone,

But say what Answer did she make him?

Thyrsis. None.

Disdain, and Shame, all o're her Face was spread,
Down low to Earth she strove to bow her Head,
And bending forward her Desire confest,
If possible to hide, or shade her Breast,
Amintas coming closer to the Fair,
At first began to loose her golden Hair,
Then to himself; these charming Knots, said he,
Are much too tender for this rugged Tree,
Unworthy thus to bear, and take a Part,
Of that which holds in Bonds the Lover's Heart.
Thou that hast lent thy Aid to give Offence,
Why art thou honour'd thus at such Expence?
This said, he gently next her Hands untied,
With Looks enough to soften all her Pride,
Such was his Manner as might plainly shew,
He fear'd to touch her, and desir'd it too;
He stoop'd to loose her Feet, but she denied
And sternly frowning, put his Hand aside,
Forbear said she (finding her Hands were free,)
Shepherd, I want no farther Help from thee,
Know I'm a Virgin, of *Diana's* Train,
Approach me not, nor touch me, 'tis prophane.

Chorus.

Chorus. Harsh and severe Reward ! can Hatred be
So firmly fix'd in Nymphs so young as she?

Thyrsis. Aw'd by her Words, *Amintas* streight with-
drew,

Nor lifted up his Eyes her Charms to view
Even that Pleasure, he himself denied,
Through Fear to give her Pain, or swell her Pride.

I lay conceal'd, but yet could scarce withhold,
To call aloud and bid him be more bold.

Sylvia (observe it well) by this had found,
To get with much Fatigue her Feet unbound;
That Moment from us like a Stag she flew,
Nor look'd behind or ever said Adieu.

Not that she fear'd *Amintas*, he had shewn
Respect enough, to make her Safety known.

Chorus. Then wherefore did she fly?

Thyrsis. That Way to prove,
Nothing indebted to his modest Love.

Chorus. Of great Ingratitude what Proof she gave?
How did the miserable Youth behave?

Thyrsis. Of him I know no more, for cros the Plain
I ran to stop the Nymph, but all in vain,
She vanish'd soon, I tir'd with running so,
And vex'd that she was gone, went back but slow,

Too

Too late to find him, and he's absent still,
From whence my Mind presages something ill:
Long to the Grave his Heart has been dispos'd,
Perhaps at last his watry Eyes are clos'd.

Chorus. Lovers talk oft of Death, but in Event,
Death seldom follows, and the most repent.

Thyrsis. Grant Heaven *Amintas* be not one of those
That speak in Earnest.

Chorus. That we won't suppose.

Thyrsis. To sage *Elpino's* lonely Cave I'll go,
There if he's living, I shall quickly know,
To his sweet Pipe, he oft would lend an Ear,
And silence all his mighty Grievs to hear;
Elpino, that can sound so soft a Lay,
That Stones seem'd mov'd, and Waters seem to stay,
That barren Waits look gay, and make a Show
Like fertile Plains, where Milk, and sweetest Honey
flow.

I

SCENE



SCENE II.

AMINTAS. DAPHNE.

Amintas.

It was cruel Pity when thou held'st
the Dart,

Which else had found a Passage to
my Heart,

For Death defer'd will only load
me more,

And seem more bitter than it did before.

Why dost thou waste thy Speech in Argument?

Or vainly strive to alter my Intent?

Fear'st thou to see my dying Breath expire?

Thou fear'st my Good, and what I most desire.

Daphne. Ah! be not desp'rate, *Sylvia* may be won,
Things much more difficult have oft been done,
And doubtless she would grieve if thou should'st die;
'Twas Shame, not Cruelty, that made her fly.

Amintas. Ah me! my only Help is in Despair,
Whom Hope has cheated into so much Care,

And

And now alas ! thou triest fresh Hope to give,
Only to curse me more, and make me live,
The greatest Ill, to Wretches who like me,
Hate Life, and long for Death, to set them free.


Daphne. Live wretched, and support thyself with this,
That if thou e're arrive to taste of Bliss,
If trusting Time, at last the Fair thou gain,
A Prize how glorious dost thou then obtain !
Possessing a Delight so long pursued !
And all those naked Charms that thou hast view'd.

Amintas. Oh *Daphne* ! say no more, for Love and Fate,
Agreed that my Misfortune wanted Weight,
Nor thought my Measure full, till they should show,
My Eyes that Heaven, which I must never know.

~~~~~

## SCENE III.

*Enter* NERINA.

*Nerina.*  I K E some illboding Raven I appear,  
To bear this News, to poor *Montano's*  
Ear.

Wretched art thou for Life, thy Heart will break,  
And all thy Blood run cold, to hear me speak,  
No more a Parent, in thy Age bereft  
Of all in *Sylvia*, ah ! no Hope is left.

I 2

*Daphne*



*Daphne.* I hear a Voice of Sorrow.

*Amintas.* Such as wounds;  
My Ear, and Heart, with inauspicious Sounds,  
With that sad Voice she mentions *Sylvia's* Name.  
Know'st thou the Virgin? Learn from whence she came.

*Daphne.* 'Tis fair *Nerina*, whose bright Eyes outshine  
Most other Nymphs, and wound without Design,  
So dear to *Cynthia*, and whose courteous Mind,  
Makes all her Actions affable, and kind.

*Nerina.* 'Twere better that I went, perhaps they'll find,  
Part of her Bones, or something left behind,  
Hard Lot indeed! ah poor unhappy Maid!

*Amintas.* Of something fatal, *Daphne*, I'm afraid.

*Daphne.* Gentle *Nerina*, why do Tears, and Sighs,  
At *Sylvia's* Name with so much Sorrow rise?

*Nerina.* Such her harsh Fate requires,

*Amintas.* Ah, what harsh Fate?  
The dreadful Story courteous Maid relate.  
I feel; I feel my Heart struck cold, like Snow,  
And all my Spirits sink, and cease to flow,  
Say only that she lives.

*Daphne.* To his Request;  
Is added mine, to hear, and know the Rest.

*Nerina.*

*Nerina.* Why am I chose? Oh Heaven! why am I chose?

To bear the Tidings of such heavy Woes.  
To Day, young *Sylvia* to our Dwelling came,  
Naked, and chaf'd, and dead almost with Shame:  
She told the Cause, already known to you,  
And soon in Cloaths of mine, was drest anew;  
Still as she drest, she talk'd about the Chace,  
The Sport, the Company, the Time, and Place;  
With how much Surety she a Dart could throw,  
And said so much, she tempted me to go.  
Assembled in the Wood, some Nymphs we found,  
Waiting the Rest, on the appointed Ground;  
When not long after, just before our Eyes,  
Rush'd out a frightful Wolf, of monstrous Size,  
He but just come from some fresh Prey appear'd,  
And all his Mouth with bloody Foam was smear'd.  
*Sylvia* then strung an Arrow to her Bow,  
And at the savage Monster let it go,  
It flew well aim'd, and struck him near the Head,  
Who loudly howling, to the Thicket fled;  
When she snatch'd up a Dart, and in the Wood,  
Pursued him with the greatest Haste she cou'd.

*Amintas.* A sad Beginning! such as makes me fear  
Terror, and Dread, in what remains to hear.

*Nerina.* I, with another Dart her Footsteps trace,  
Tho' much unequal to her in my Pace,

After

After much Searching, I could never get  
 Sight of her more, nor have I seen her yet.  
 But on the Ground in the most desert Part  
 And thickest of the Wood, lay *Sylvia's* Dart;  
 Not far from that, mov'd gently by the Air,  
 The Veil, with which I just had bound her Hair :  
 At this surpriz'd, I, as I look'd around,  
 Saw several Wolves, that lick'd the bloody Ground,  
 And round about, to make the Horror more,  
 The Earth with naked Bones, was scatter'd o're.  
 I unobserv'd retir'd, and think my Lot,  
 Was more than happy, that they saw me not :  
 Trembling with Fear, and Pity, I return,  
 And give her up for lost, for which I mourn.  
 Of *Sylvia* this is all that I can say :  
 This was her Veil, which I have brought away.

*Amintas.* Then is it but a little thou hast said?  
 Blood, and her Veil, ah *Sylvia!* thou art dead:

*Daphne.* How his Lips tremble, and his Colour flies!  
 Unhappy Youth, he falls, he faints, he dies.

*Nerina.* No *Daphne*, Life returns with kindly Heat,  
 And tho' but weak, a Pulse begins to beat.

*Amintas.* Tormenting Grief, strike deep at my Desire,  
 Kill me, but wound me not and then retire :  
 If thou refuse, or hast not so much Power  
 To hasten Death, and bring the fatal Hour,

My

My willing Hand, at once shall set me free,  
To Love a Victim, and a Slave to thee.  
Now nothing more but Life, remains to loose,  
Nor any thing but Death, for me to chuse.  
Oh *Daphne*! why did'st thou prevent the Blow?  
And keep me living, this Distress to know.  
Then had I died more blest, but Heaven, and thou,  
Postpon'd would have it, and delay'd till now;  
I never then had been so fully curst;  
And now, that cruel Fate has done its worst,  
Now there's no Good to meet, nor Ill to fly:  
Kind Heav'n, and *Daphne*, suffer me to die.

*Daphne.* Kind Heav'n forbid, at least a while delay  
Fresh News may reach us, by a Moment's Stay.

*Amintas.* No: I have staid too long, why do I wait?  
Who have the Dead to raise, and conquer Fate.  
Alas! I've waited till my Heart is broke.

*Nerina.* Ah, that my forward Tongue had never spoke!

*Amintas.* Gentle *Nerina*, if thy tender Breast,  
Is mov'd in Pity, grant me this Request;  
Let *Sylvia's* Veil, where all that now remains  
Of that lov'd Maid, is left in bloody Stains,  
In the short Hour of Life allotted me,  
My best, my last, and sole Companion be:  
Then think her present when with Life I part,  
And mix with her's, the Blood that warms my Heart.

*Nerine.*

*Nerina.* *Amintas*, no : the Reasons thou dost use]  
All speak against it, and I must refuse.

*Amintas.* That thou deniest me in the last Extreme,  
A Gift so small, except in my Esteem,  
Serves but to prove, that what I sue for flies,  
And 'tis not thou, but my hard Fate denies.  
Far from the Pain, and Anguish I have bore,  
Fair Nymphs live happy. I return no more.

*Daphne.* *Amintas* hear me, but a Moment stay,  
Alas! how desperate is he fled away!

*Nerina.* Too swift for us to follow : Now too late,  
I see my Words have push'd him on his Fate,  
And may *Montano* therefore I'll forbear  
To speak; what drove the Lover to despair,  
The aged Father full as ill may bear.

CHORUS



CHORUS to ACT III.

THERE's no Need of Death in *Love*,  
*Love* alone can fill the Part,  
That, and Faithfulness, will prove,  
Bonds to bind a noble Heart.

He who follows *Love* for Fame,  
Finds to gain it, is not hard,  
*Love*, with Virtue, just the same,  
Always is it's own Reward.

That *Love* buys *Love* was ever known,  
That, and nothing else will do,  
Tho' some in seeking *Love* alone,  
Find immortal Glory too.

*The End of the* THIRD ACT.

K

ACT





## ACT IV. SCENE I.

DAPHNE. SYLVIA. CHORUS.

*Daphne.*



HE hurtful News, that every  
where was spread

Of thy Misfortune, made us think  
thee dead.

May the Wind scatter it, and with  
it bear

Far from thy Bosom, every Weight of Care.

Thou liv'st, thank Heaven, and all our friendly Tears,

Were only wasted on *Nerina's* Fears,

Ah ! that else where her Footsteps had been led,

And every Ear been deaf to what she said !

K 2

*Sylvia.*

*Sylvia.* The Risque was great, she who the Danger  
knew,) Had just Occasion to suspect it true.

*Daphne.* But not to spread it; I want much to hear,  
How from such Danger thou could'st get thee clear.

*Sylvia.* 'Twas thus, a Wolf, that flying, I pursued  
Quite to the midst, and thickest of the Wood,  
Found Covert and escap'd me; I design  
To find the Path, the other Nymphs to join,  
When round the Carcass of some new slain Beast,  
Stood several Wolves, who gorg'd their bloody Feast.  
The very Wolf that I pursued was here,  
Distinguish'd plainly by his bloody Ear:  
Grown fiercer with the Wound, as if he knew  
Whose Hand had gave it, he against me flew,  
Licking his bloody Mouth, and coming nigh,  
With dreadful Howling, and a hideous Cry.  
I lifted up my Dart, and thou can'st tell,  
A Dart from me, is oft directed well.  
I seldom miss the Blow I aim to give,  
Or chace the savage Prey, and let it live.  
At proper Distance, and on rising Ground,  
I launch'd my Dart, and thought it sure to wound,  
But then by Chance, or else a Fault in me,  
It miss'd, and erring glanc'd against a Tree.  
Now, more enrag'd the Monster seem'd to grow,  
And I without Defence, except my Bow,

To

To that not trusting took Recourse to Flight,  
The wounded Wolf pursuing me in Sight.  
When as I ran, my Veil that hung behind,  
Got partly loose, and waver'd in the Wind,  
Catching a Bough, I felt it stop my Course,  
And strove to loose it from the Tree, by Force,  
But found it stick too fast, and much afraid,  
The Wolf might overtake me, if I staid,  
At last I tore the Veil, from off my Head,  
And hurried on by Fear, in Safety fled.  
Return'd I meet thee, and with wond'ring Eyes,  
Observe in thine, such Signs of great Surprise.

*Daphne.* Yes thou'rt alive, but soon wilt understand,  
Death is not idle, he has work in Hand.

*Sylvia.* At what dost thou repine? to see me live?  
What cause for that did ever *Sylvia* give?

*Daphne.* Mistake me not, thy Safety makes me glad,  
'Tis not for Life, but Death, that I'm so sad.

*Sylvia.* Who dies?

*Daphne.* *Amintas*, Object of thy Pride.

*Sylvia.* *Amintas* dead! ah! tell me how he died.

*Daphne.* The Manner how, as yet I do not know,  
Nor that 'tis certain, but believe it so.

*Sylvia.*



*Sylvia.* What say'st thou *Daphne*? what should cause his Death?

*Daphne.* The heavy News of thy departed Breath.

*Sylvia.* As yet I comprehend not.

*Daphne.* When he heard,  
That thou wert dead, determin'd he appear'd,  
E're this, the Blood has stain'd his wounded Breast;  
Now, not with cruel Love, or Grief oppress.

*Sylvia.* His Death like mine, will prove but a Report,  
When Shepherds threaten Death, they do but sport;  
All strive to live, and use their utmost Power,  
In Life, to lengthen out the longest Hour.

*Daphne.* Oh *Sylvia*! thou hast ne're believ'd, or known,  
Nor can'st, while thou retain'st that Heart of Stone,  
The Force of Love's fierce Fire; nor how a Breast,  
Stung with Despair, can fly to Death for rest.  
Such a Belief, had made thee love the Swain,  
Who falls a Victim now, to thy Disdain,  
Life, was not Life to him, till thou wert near,  
Nor was his Soul a Blessing held so dear,  
No not his very Soul; I know it true,  
And know 'twere better hadst thou thought so too.  
I saw it, cruel Tigress, when to Day,  
From Love, and him, with Pride thou fled'st away,

Then

Then, when his Services ungrateful Maid !  
Deserv'd to be with kind Embraces paid.  
I saw him strike a Dart against his Breast,  
With Looks, that strong Déspair, and Grief confest;  
The Blow was aim'd with Strength; I saw him bleed,  
Yet he repented not the cruel Deed :  
Quick to that Heart, the Steel had Passage found,  
Where thou before had'st made a greater Wound,  
But I held back his Arm, and strove to prove,  
That if he died not, he might live for Love.  
Perhaps the Dart that only pierc'd the Skin,  
Grown bolder now is enter'd deeper in :  
Despair, and Constancy have shew'd the Way,  
Where no kind friendly Arm may bid it stay.

*Sylvia.* Ah me! my *Daphne*, what dost thou relate?

*Daphne.* I'll tell thee more, and thou shalt judge his  
Fate,  
When thinking thou wert lost, he fainting fell,  
And shew'd such Sorrow, as no Tongue can tell,  
Life soon return'd, and gave him Time to say,  
Fair Nymphs farewell; to Death I go away;  
Then with the utmost rage, in haste he run,  
To kill himself, and I believe it done.

*Sylvia.* And dost thou think he meant it?

*Daphne.* The Event,  
Will shew I doubt not, Death was his Intent.

*Sylvia.*

*Sylvia.* Could'st thou not follow him? Why didst not fly?

Prevent his Fall, and fresh Persuasion try?

Why stay we here? Oh *Daphne*! let us haste,

Search every where, and not a Moment waste,

For he, whose Death, my fancy'd Death, could give,

Ought, on the Knowledge of my Life, to live.

*Daphne.* I follow'd, tho' too slow, and long in vain

Have sought his Footsteps all about the Plain,

Then what can more be done? since like the Wind

He disappear'd, and left no Track behind.

*Sylvia.* And if we find him not, alas! he dies,  
A wretched self-devoted Sacrifice.

*Daphne.* Ah cruel *Sylvia*! dost thou seem to grieve?

That he, that Glory did not to thee leave;

Would'st thou thyself, have held the pointed Dart?

And help'd to pierce, and plunge it in his Heart.

Is it thy Hand alone should strike the Blow?

Ah! then take Comfort when I let thee know,

Where'er his breathless Body bleeding lyes,

Thou art his Murd'rer, and by thee he dies.

*Sylvia.* Ah me! thy Words are Stings, and add a  
Weight,

To what I feel for his untimely Fate,

It sets that Cruelty before my View,

That once, I by the Name of Virtue knew,

And

And such indeed it was ; but now I find,  
'Twas too severe, and I too much unkind,  
Repenting I perceive it ; I have been  
Proud to torment, and cruel to a Sin.

*Daphne*, What is it that I hear? in thy hard Heart,  
Can Mercy, or Compassion bear a Part?  
Strokes of soft Pity, can they touch thy Soul?  
How are these Thoughts into thy Bosom Stole?  
What Wonders do I see? dost thou at last  
Shed Tears proud Maid? and mourn thy Anger past?  
Is it from Love, that these new Sorrows rise?

*Sylvia*. Not Love, but tender Pity fills my Eyes.

*Daphne*. And Pity is the Messenger of love,  
As Lightning, of the Thunder from above.

*Chorus*. Nay often, when a Virgin Heart has strove,  
And arm'd with rigid Virtue, shut out Love,  
He takes his Handmaid Pity's Dress, and Air :  
While few or none imagine Love is there,  
In that Disguise, an easy Entrance gains,  
And forces conquer'd Hearts, to wear his Chains.

*Daphne*. Oh! these are Tears of Love, how fast they  
flow!  
Why art thou silent? is it Love or no?  
Yes, *Sylvia*, yes, thy Silence makes it plain,  
That thou, like him, art doom'd to love in vain.

O Love how just thy Power! to make her feel,  
A Pain like that, which she refus'd to heal,  
Wretched *Aminas*! that thy Death alone,  
Could melt, or soften, that hard Heart of Stone,  
Dying to wound, and change her cruel Mind,  
Like Bees that sting, and leave their life behind.  
Now, if as I believe, thy wand'ring Ghost,  
Disrob'd of Flesh, be where it covets most,  
Thou now behold'st her weep, who from thee fled:  
In Life a Lover, and belov'd when dead.  
And if thy Destiny ordain'd it so,  
That Love, and Life, were not for thee to know;  
Or if the cruel Fair's inhuman Pride,  
At any Rate but that her love denied,  
The Price is paid, in thy departing Breath,  
And thou hast dearly bought her love with Death.

*Chorus.* Too dearly bought, and sold! Price gave in  
vain!

Who paid it, or receiv'd it, nothing gain.

*Sylvia.* Oh that my Love might his lost Life restore!  
Or to redeem it I might be no more.

*Daphne.* Thy Offers, and thy Pity, come too late,  
To call back him, is now to call back Fate.


SCENE





## SCENE II.

*Enter* ERGASTO.

*Ergasto.*  HERE'ere I turn me, nothing I behold,  
Or hear, that does not make my Blood run cold,  
Horror, and Pity, take my Sense away,  
Shadows affright me, and the Sun's bright Ray.

*Chorus.* Shepherd, why does thy Speech, and Looks,  
express  
Such strange Amazement? and such great Distress?

*Ergasto.* 'Tis not without a Cause; *Aminta's* dead.

*Sylvia.* Ah me! what says he? all my Hopes are fled

*Ergasto.* The noblest Shepherd of these Woods was he,  
So much refin'd, so courteous, and so free  
Dear to the Nymphs, and to the Muses dear,  
And Crowds stood mute his gentle Song to hear,

L 2

He

He, hapless Youth! has finish'd all his Woes.  
Ah! what a dreadful Path to Death he chose!

*Chorus.* Make we entreat thee, his Misfortunes known,  
That we, in his great Loss, may mourn our own.

*Sylvia.* Ah me! I tremble when approaching near,  
And listen to a Tale, I dread to hear.  
Hard flinty Heart of mine! ah! why afraid?  
To know the Desolation thou hast made.  
Relentless Heart! what fear'st thou? dauntless go,  
Now all thy Courage, all thy Fierceness show,  
Prepare against his Tongue, for ev'ry Word,  
Will wound thee deeper than the keenest Sword.  
Shepherd, I come a double Share to claim,  
In all those Grievs, that thou'rt about to name:  
Ah! much is justly due to me I own,  
And more perhaps than yet to thee is known.  
Speak Shepherd, and at full relate the Rest,  
No Words can equal what my Thoughts suggest.

*Ergasto.* Nymph, I believe thee; hadst thou heard  
like me  
His dying Words, what would thy Sorrow be?  
The last of which was thy lov'd Name.

*Daphne.* Oh! tell  
Thy dismal Story, how his Death befell.

*Ergasto.*

*Ergasto.* Low on the Hill, I certain Nets had spread,  
And sat to watch 'em, near the Flock that fed;  
*Amintas* pass'd me, and the Form he bore,  
Seem'd too much chang'd from what he was before.  
His Look was desperate, troubled, and obscur'd,  
And well exprest the Torment he endur'd.  
I rose, and ran, and cross'd him in the Way,  
Stop'd his swift Course, and gently beg'd his Stay.  
Said he, *Ergasto*, much I stand in Need  
Of thee, as Witness to a certain Deed,  
Which I'm about to do, thus may'st thou find  
To give me Pleasure, and relieve my Mind.  
But first, I bind thee, and thou here shalt swear,  
When thou behold'st me for that Deed prepare,  
To stand apart, and strive not to prevent,  
Or reach thy Hand, to hinder my Intent.  
Thoughtless of his Design, or that his Breast,  
By such strange Madness could have been possess'd;  
I, to invoke the Sylvan Gods began,  
Swearing an Oath, by *Priapus*, and *Pan*,  
And *Hecate* nocturnal, not to move  
In any Action he might disapprove.  
On this he led the Way, ascending still  
Up to the craggy Summit of the Hill;  
From whence no Path, but barren Rocks, and steep  
Hang o're the Precipice, direct, and deep,  
Descending to the Vale, that far below,  
But faintly met the Eye, a dreadful Show!  
Where looking down, it struck with such an Awe,  
As made me giddy, and in Haste withdraw.

*Amintas.*

*Amintas* smil'd, and looking more serene,  
 And Pleas'd, than I for many Days had seen,  
 Gave me some Ground to Hope, and think the best,  
 Who turning to me, thus himself exprest.

*Ergasto*, what thou quickly shalt behold,  
 Must to the Nymphs, and Swains, by thee be told  
 Then looking o're the cliff, could there said he,  
 Near as this Precipice is now to me,  
 Near as these craggy Rocks, that hang mid-way,  
 Be greedy Wolves, that long had prowl'd for Prey;  
 Amidst those savage Beasts, myself I'd throw;  
 No other Death do I desire to know,  
 But that my miserable Limbs were tore,  
 As hers, ador'd by me, have been before;  
 Since I'm denied by Heaven that Fate to share,  
 And cannot tread the Footsteps of the Fair,  
 A Path I'll chuse, that cannot long delay,  
 If not the proper, yet the shortest Way.

*Sylvia*, I come, in Haste, to follow thee,  
 If thy Disdain permit it so to be.

Ah were I certain! I should die content,  
 That all thy Anger, with thy Breath was spent;  
 Or that my coming thus, so fast behind,  
 Might please thy fleeting Ghost, and make it kind:  
 No greater Bliss, could be bestow'd on me:

*Sylvia*, I come, in Haste, to follow thee.  
 Then headlong, from the Precipice he flew,  
 And left me senseless with the horrid View.

*Sylvia.*

*Daphne.* Wretched *Amintas*!

*Sylvia.* Ah more wretched me!

*Chorus.* An Act so dreadful, could'st thou stand and see?

But how could'st thou oppose? whom Oaths had bound  
To stand apart, and keep a distant Ground.

*Ergasto.* No, I forgot all Oaths, for when I heard  
Him speak those Words, and his Design appear'd,  
I seiz'd his Girdle, and had held him fast;  
But Destiny, that mark'd that Hour his last,  
Broke with his Weight, and Spring he gave, the Band,  
And left it thus asunder in my Hand.

*Chorus.* Where fell the Body?

*Ergasto.* That I never knew,  
For quite Dismay'd at what I saw him do,  
My Horror, did not leave me Heart to go,  
And see him dash'd in Pieces far below.

*Sylvia.* Oh! I am all a Stone, or this sad Tale,  
So full of Death, to kill me could not fail.  
If my imagin'd Loss who bore him Hate,  
Could be the Cause of such a desperate Fate,  
How much more justly should his real Death?  
Pierce deeper to this Soul, and stop my Breath:  
Yes: I will part with Life, and if my Grief  
Deny that Ease, 'tis Steel must give Relief,

Or



Or else this dear Remain, shall still be mine,  
 This was not left behind without design,  
 It's master's hard Mishap it would not see,  
 Reserv'd the Instrument of Death to me ;  
 Of Death, and of Revenge: revenge my Pride !  
 Revenge *Aminta's* Death who by it died !  
*Amintas*, who for Life had right in me,  
 And whose Companion was my Fate to be ;  
 Here I refus'd it, now I only crave,  
 To be Companion to him in the Grave.

*Chorus.* Take Comfort 'tis not thine thou wretched  
 Maid,  
 But Fortuue's Will, and that must be obey'd.

*Sylvia.* Shepherds why weep ye? If for my Distress  
 'Tis Waste of Pity, and I merit less,  
 Rather upbraid me, say " 'tis now thy Turn,  
 " Now grieve unpity'd, and desparing Mourn.  
 If for *Aminta's* Death, your Sorrows flow,  
 Tears ease too much, and make too little Show,  
 They suit not this great Cause ; here Hearts that bleed,  
 May nourish mighty Grievs, that ever feed.  
 Oh *Daphne* ! for the Love of Heaven give o're,  
 Dry up thy Tears, and weep for me no more.  
 Pity me not, but for *Aminta's* Sake,  
 Assist me, in the Search I go to make,  
 For his unhappy Corps ; that now to air  
 Expos'd lyes shatter'd, and demands our Care,

'Tis

'Tis this retards my Death, to see him laid  
 In Earth's cold Bosom, and appease his Shade :  
 But this sad Office now remains to prove,  
 My Inclination to reward his Love.  
 When, tho' these cruel Hands, may blast the Deed,  
 And make afresh his wounded Body bleed,  
 Yet were it possible for him to know,  
 This Heart of mine, and see it alter'd so;  
 See me repent the Havock I had made,  
 He'd think his Death, and Love, were overpaid.

*Daphne.* With thee I go, to find his cold Remains,  
 That now thy Pity when too late obtains;  
 But when the Grave has hid him from thy View,  
 Thou must not *Sylvia*, think of dying too.

*Sylvia.* But only to myself, and my Disdain,  
 Till now I've liv'd, and joy'd in giving Pain,  
 Now what is left of Life, should sacred be,  
 To thee *Amintas*, did the Fates agree;  
 But since thy Death denies my longer Stay,  
 I wait thy funeral Rites to haste away,  
 That o're thy Grave my Body I may throw,  
 And join thy Passage to the Shades below.  
 Lead us *Ergasto*, where the Rock on high,  
 Seems from the distant Vale, to touch the Sky.

*Ergasto.* This Path directs the Way.

*Daphne.* The Path I know,  
 And that we have but little Way to go.

M

*Sylvia.*

*Sylvia.* Shepherds, farewell, a long Farewell to you,  
Fields, Woods, and Shades, and Rivers, all Adieu.

*Ergasto.* She speaks as if her Mind on Death were bent,  
Forbid it Heaven, and alter her Intent.

## CHORUS to ACT IV.

WHAT *Death* would loosen, powerful *Love*  
restrains,

Death deals in War, but Love delights in Peace,  
Yet Love the Victory, and Triumph gains.  
Thy Powers advance, while those of *Death* decrease.  
When thou unit'st two Souls, whose equal Flame,  
Burns to each other, then the Earth, Oh *Love!*  
Changes, at thy Command, for Heav'n it's Name,  
And draws thee there to dwell, from that above.  
'Tis thou, to human Breasts brings Pleasure down,  
'Tis thou that drives away Disdain and Hate,  
All Anger thou destroy'st, and every Frown,  
And Lovers, take from thee, their happy State :  
Thy mighty Power there's nothing can withstand,  
All Things here below, move under thy Command.

*The End of the FOURTH ACT.*



# ACT V.

## *The* SCENE.

ELPINO. CHORUS.

*Elpino.*



LOVE's Laws by which eternally he  
reigns

And by whose Force his Empire  
he maintains,

Are not capricious, indirect, and  
hard;

But full of Providence, and great Reward,  
Oh! with what Art he leads through unknown Ways,  
The Man who faithfully his Power obeys,  
Conducts him when despairing, to his Bliss,  
And all that Paradise he fear'd to miss!

M 2

Raifes

Raifes him drooping, overwhelm'd with Care,  
 To shew him Love's bright Heav'n, and fix him there.  
 Thus does *Amintas* falling down, ascend,  
 Love bids him live, and all his Sorrows end.  
 Happy *Amintas* ! all thy past Distress,  
 Heightens the Pleasure thou dost now possess.  
 By thy Example may I find at last,  
 A just Return for all my Passion past !  
 Oh, may the Nymph I love, who now with Smiles,  
 And Shews of Pity, my fond Heart beguiles :  
 May she in Time like thine leave off to feign !  
 Know real Love, and recompence my Pain.

*Chorus.* The sage *Elpino*, he who now draws near,  
 Speaks of *Amintas* what is strange to hear,  
 As if he still were living, calls him blest,  
 Happy, and fortunate, and unopprest :  
 Hard State of Lovers ! he perhaps esteems  
 The dead as happy, blest with golden Dreams,  
 If dying, they the cruel Nymph can move ;  
 And Raise soft Pity in the Breast they love.  
 Love's Paradise, he calls those Shades of Death,  
 And seems desirous so to part with Breath.  
 Oh Cupid how are thy Commands obey'd !  
 Yet with what Trifles are thy Servants paid !  
 Art thou *Elpino*, such a Wretch indeed ?  
 To think *Amintas*'s Fate has well decreed,  
 Can his hard Lot seem happy in thy Eye,  
 That thou shouldst call it Bliss, like him to die ?

*Elpino.*



*Elpino.* Friends you mistake me ; him you mourn as  
dead,  
Lives, and by Love to Happiness is led.

*Chorus.* *Elpino* we rejoice ; but can it be ?  
The happy Tidings let us learn from thee,  
Did he not from the Cliff his Body throw ?

*Elpino.* He fell for certain, but not far below ;  
Instead of Death, he met with Life, and Joy.  
And Lives to Pleasure that can never cloy ;  
Now, on the Breast of his lov'd Nymph he lies,  
Whose soft Endearments dry his weeping Eyes ;  
Uncommon Pity in her Breast is born,  
Much greater, than her past Disdain, and Scorn.  
From hence to old *Montano* I shall go,  
And lead him where they wait, his Will to know ;  
With his Consent, the Rites will be begun,  
Concord shall join their Hands, and make them one.

*Chorus.* Such Love united he'll rejoice to see,  
Alike in Age ; and equal in Degree :  
The good old Man will gladly join their Hands,  
Whom Love has bound before in lasting Bands ;  
He longs to see her Children round him play,  
And bless him in the Evening of his Day.  
But say *Elpino*, what great Guardian God  
To save *Amintas* left his blest Abode ?  
Stay we beseech thee, this Relation give ;  
How could he leap the Precipice and Live ?

*Elpino.*

*Elpino.* 'Tis that remains to tell: Friends all draw near;  
 These Eyes have seen the Wonders you shall hear.  
 My Cave you know, that near the Mountain lies  
 With small Ascent does from the Valley rise;  
 There I with *Thyrsis* walk'd, and in Discourse,  
 Talk'd much of Love's great Power, and Beauties force,  
 Spoke of that Nymph whose Chains he once had wore,  
 That then by me so willingly were bore;  
 To his free State, I much prefer'd my own,  
 To me my Servitude was sweeter grown.  
 Discourfing thus, we thought we heard a Noife  
 And high above our Heads a diftant Voice:  
 Up to the Precipice I turn'd my Eye  
 And from its Summit faw *Amintas* fly.  
 But bending out a little Way below,  
 Did feveral Trees, and Shrubs, and Brambles grow,  
 Where interwoven Branches ftrongly join'd,  
 Shoot up promifcuous, and each other Bind.  
 On thefe he fell; and with his Body's Weight  
 Forc'd downward through them, and the fall was Great;  
 But greatly broke: from thence kind Fate his Guide,  
 He funk, and ftruck againft the Mountain's Side;  
 Where the Defcent to us was much too fteep,  
 To fave his Fall, or any Stay to keep;  
 For thus in Motion nothing ftopt his Way,  
 Till Speechlefs at the Mountain's Foot he lay.  
 Much Bruis'd, and Stunn'd, and Senfelefs he remain'd  
 And but by flow Degrees his Spirits gain'd.  
 A Spectacle fo fad our Pity rais'd,  
 Fill'd with mute Wonder, long we flood and gaz'd,  
Saw

Saw his Lips redden, and his Bosom rise,  
 And Life returning tremble on his Eyes.  
 To see him breathe, a Cure for half our Grief;  
 Gave Power to us to move to his Relief.  
 Then *Thyrsis* told me, what unhappy Cause,  
 Had prompted him to break great Nature's Laws.  
 Our Help was small, but we dispatch'd a Swain  
 To bring *Alphesibæus* from the Plain,  
 To whom great *Phæbus* did himself reveal,  
 The Art of Medicine, and the Art to heal.  
 Mean Time came *Sylvia*, that with *Daphne*, fought  
 The dead *Amintas* as they falsely thought.  
 But when she saw him Live, and that his Face  
 Tho' pale, and languid, had its usual Grace,  
 Yet look'd too much like Death, his Groans she heard,  
 And frantick, like a Bacchanal appear'd,  
 She smote her Breast, and tore her lovely Hair,  
 Wounding with dismal Cries the Distant Air :  
 Down by his Side at last she weeping fell,  
 Prepar'd to give, and take, a last Farewell;  
 And closely join'd her Face, and Mouth, to his  
 With fond Embraces and a fonder Kiss;  
 Till she was lost in Grief.

*Chorus.* Where then was fled  
 Her Pride, and Shame?

*Elpino.* Her Pride and Shame were dead.  
 Shame, if it bridle Love, that Love is weak,  
 Love in it's Strength through all Restraint will break,

As her's did then in Tears ; as if her Eyes  
 Had drawn from gushing Fountains their Supplies :  
 She water'd his cold Cheek : at once appears  
 The healing Power of her balmie Tears :  
 She brought him back to Life, she heal'd his Smart,  
 And work'd a Cure beyond the Power of Art :  
 His Eyes before half clos'd and dead to Sight,  
 Assum'd their wanted lustre and grew bright,  
 Then from his groaning Breast, ah me ! he cry'd ;  
 Ah me ! the beauteous *Sylvia* quick replied,  
 Catching his Sighs, and mingling her's with his,  
 Silenc'd his Sorrow, and begun his Bliss.  
 He call'd to Life, alive his Nymph beholds,  
 Sunk in his Arms, and preßt in willing Folds :  
 She leaning on his Breast, that Pleasure gives  
 And feels a greater that *Amintas* Lives.  
 In that blest Minute how their Souls were warm'd,  
 How he the Nymph and she the Shepherd charm'd,  
 Can never be exprest ; But yet is known  
 To those that love ; and those that love alone.

*Chorus.* Then has *Amintas* little to Endure,  
 The right Phyfician, undertakes the Cure.

*Elpino.* The Cure is certain, since no mortal Wound  
 On further Search, is on his Body found  
 But many Blows, and Bruises ; which demand  
 Time only, and the skilful Artists Hand.

Happy

Happy *Amintas*! that a Proof could give  
To die for Love, and yet for Love to live.  
Now in his Fate, unhop'd for Blessings meet,  
And Danger past makes present Joy more sweet.  
But I forget my Charge, now, who can tell  
Where I may find *Montano*? Swains farewell.

CHORUS to ACT V.

'T IS hard to say if all the mighty Smart  
Felt by a faithfull, and despairing Heart,

Weeping, loving, yet despairing  
Sorrow like *Amintas* bearing;  
Can be lost in the possessing,  
All Love's Sweets, his present Blessing :

But if the Joy comes dearer at the last,  
With higher Transports for the Anguish past?

Be it so; kind *Cupid* spare me!  
Far from those high Transports bear me!  
Give to others dear bought Pleasure,  
Give me cheap, and little Measure:

Ah! let the Nymph I love be quickly won,  
Soon let my Services, and Prayers be done.

N

No



No such heavy Grievs enduring;  
 Let us want, nor know no curing:  
 Her Repulses she shall give me,  
 Or Disdain, shall never grieve me:

Soon shall the Strife in close Embraces cease,  
 And Hearts exchange'd, unite in mutual Peace.

*The End of the FIFTH ACT.*



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